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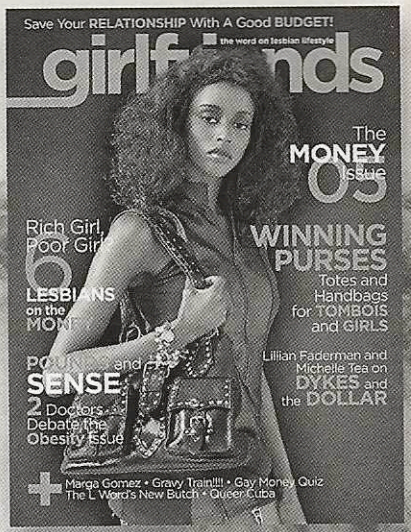
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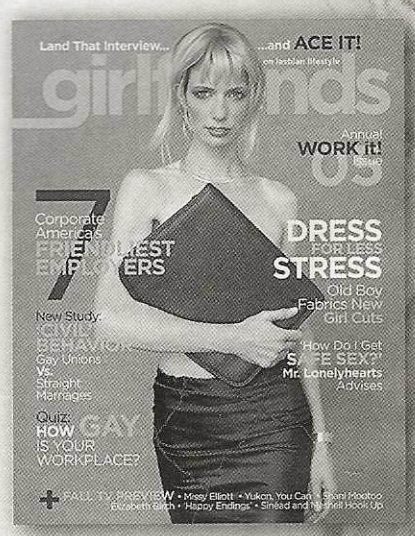
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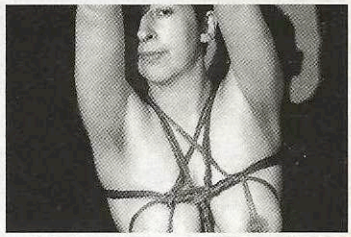
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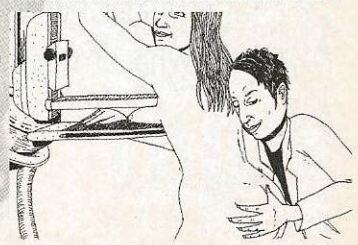
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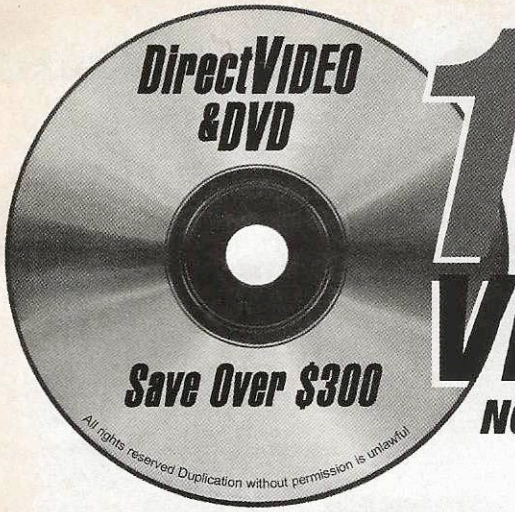

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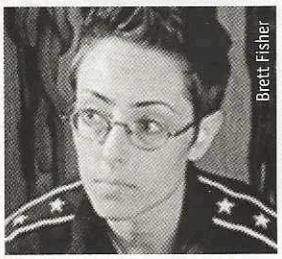
Contributors

Rebecca Chalker is Adjunct Professor of Women's and Gender Studies at Pace University in New York City where she teaches a course that she developed entitled "Sexual Revolutions from the Ice Age to the New Millennium." Her latest book, *The Clitoral Truth*, was featured on *Sex and the City*. She lectures on health and sexuality and lives in New York City.

When not finding homes for stray commas as Copy Chief at *Girlfriends* magazine, **Laurie Koh** enjoys narcolepsy and carbohydrates. She also likes returning videos late, biking short distances, and keeping tabs on Bay Area events as the Listings Assistant at the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*, where she also writes about film, arts, and culture. She has made two short films: the documentary *Sisterz of the Underground: Extra Credit* and the narrative *Between the Lines.*



Brett Fisher

Kristy Papka is doing an internship at *On Our Backs* while working toward her Bachelor's degree in Women's Studies at Mills College. She moseyed from her hometown in Colorado to Missouri, Illinois, and now California, trying to figure out what she wants to do in life. She currently lives in "big bad Oakland" with her partner and two beagles.

Pat Tong

Pat Tong is a cartoonist residing in Oakland with her lovely consort, Jen, and various animals. She doesn't particularly care for long walks on the beach, and her favorite color is green.

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ADVENTURES IN LESBIAN SEX

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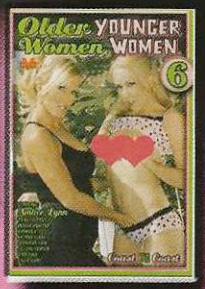

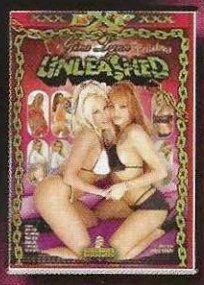

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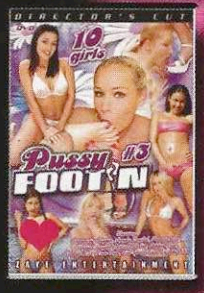

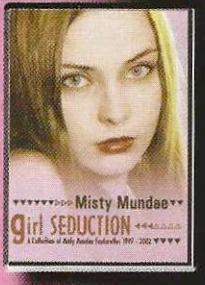

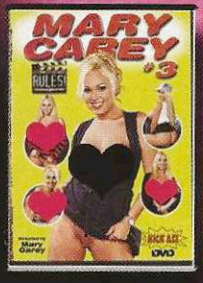

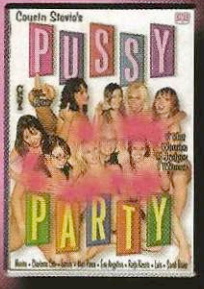

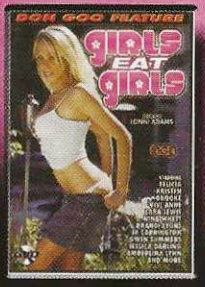

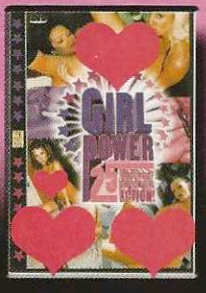

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Editor's Postcard

Cramming Carnal Knowledge

by Suzanne Corson

How did you learn about sex, your body, and making love to women? Knowing that these questions always generate juicy answers, let me welcome you to Carnal Knowledge, *On Our Backs*-style. For this issue, we explore sexual knowledge—from anatomy basics and research on women's sexuality, brought to you by Rebecca Chalker, to expanding your sexual repertoire, care of Shar Rednour. We spoke with one of our favorite sexperts, Annie Sprinkle, about her new book, *Dr. Sprinkle's Spectacular Sex*—with its lessons on giving yourself a sex life makeover—her Love Art Project, and how *On Our Backs* helped turn her into a lesbian!

We discussed the role of lesbian porn films in the evolution of our community's collective sexual know-how with five dyke filmmakers. A new lesbian porn filmmaker, Shine Louise Houston of Pink and White Productions, allowed us onto the set of her new film, *The Crash Pad*, and we've brought you some photographs from the "casting couch." And we also sat in on a Daddy/girl training session with Rock and Jill, pictured with me below.

So how did I acquire my carnal knowledge? Xaviera Hollander's *Happy Hooker* books in the seventies (surreptitiously passed around my high school biology class), volunteering at Planned Parenthood in the eighties, books by JoAnn Loulan and Pat (now Patrick) Califia in the nineties, and of course, my friends and lovers. I am enrolled in the course of a lifetime. I still really love to learn—and to teach.

Suzanne Corson

Brett Fisher

Getting cozy with Rock and Jill before their photo shoot

Letters

Quenching her thirst

Just got the Summer issue, and it did wonders for me! The photos are very stimulating—hubba-hubba. I live in the middle of an arid community where getting together once a week for coffee and once a month for potluck is considered sufficient. Fortunately I hope to relocate to the San Francisco area soon. If possible it will be next week! Keep telling it like it is.—*Janet Parker, East Peoria, Illinois*

Porn...no?

Where did the diverse and interesting girl porn go? When I was first saw *On Our Backs* there were so many photo spreads and amazing erotica. Butch women, fat women, kinky women—they were all there. Now? I see far fewer photos, more words, more ads, more everything but porn. The Summer issue was again frustrating and disappointing. Two pages on lubes—are your readers truly so ignorant of lube? As a femme feminist reader I was offended by Uncle Lynnee's ideas on dealing with sexist butch behavior that essentially boiled down to "the femmes will fix it." Guinevere Turner's interview was also disappointing. Here is a woman deeply involved in mainstream lesbian representation, and no difficult questions were posed to her. As always I loved Nina Hartley and have really enjoyed Charlotte Cooper's pieces. The stills from *Ecstasy in Berlin* were beautiful. I always enjoy the book and movie reviews and was glad to see the addition of Sex and Leather Events. I didn't subscribe for horoscopes, advice columns, or lengthy interviews. I realize my interests are not the only ones to consider, and I'm sure some readers love the new *On Our Backs*, but I do not. I thought this was a lesbian porn magazine, but I just don't see it anymore.—*Anna Weir, Pasadena, California*

Naughty but Nice

As a first time reader of your magazine, I found the Summer issue quite 'naughty' (no pun intended). In fact, so 'naughty,' my friend stole it from underneath me, literally, and well, physically. The visuals in the *True Confession* story were pleasingly stimulating, even more so than the in-color 'naughty' centerfold. Sometimes things are best left to the imagination.—*J.L., San Francisco, California*

Let's hear it for the boi!

As a femme, I truly appreciate *Uncle Lynnee's School for Bois*. Once there was this handsome young boi who belonged to me, who would feel anguished that she wasn't this rough-and-tumble *Easy Rider* or "Stanley" à la *Streetcar Named Desire*-type. She was a gentle Cary Grant type. Sometimes among bois and butches there seems to be a pressure toward roughness instead of gentlemanliness. Perhaps that's just a reflection of the lack of gentleman's education in the greater culture... But I digress. In particular I'd like to thank you for the "Making the First Move" column with the flirtation tips. I don't know how many times I've been to events, bars, and clubs alone—especially since I travel frequently—and no one talked to me. This left me feeling rejected and unappreciated. If the nice guys lament why they never end up with the chicks, maybe it's because they didn't bother to do the simplest thing. All it takes is: "Hi there. How are you? Are you enjoying yourself this evening?" A well-mannered butch once told me "Shy is only cute until you're 25."—*Midori [via the Internet]*

Corrections

The title of the Steve Diet Goedde DVD reviewed in the Summer issue is *Living Through Steve Diet Goedde*, released by Slish Pix. For more information, check out www.livingthrough.com.

The book cover pictured with the review of the *Mammoth Book of Best New Erotica* in the Summer issue was actually the cover for *Best Lesbian Erotica 2005* published by Cleis Press. The cover of the Carroll & Graf *Mammoth* book is pictured to the right.

Talk to us sweet, talk to us dirty.

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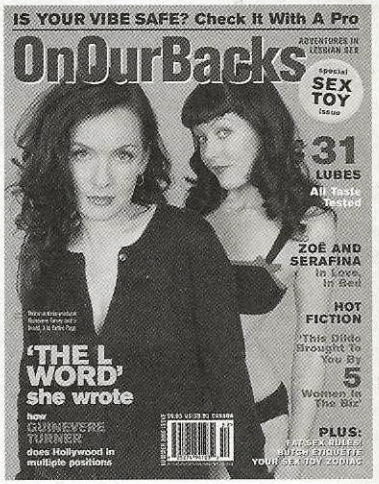
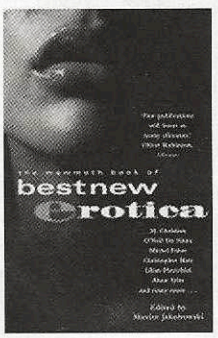


Our readers are still sounding off about the redesigned *On Our Backs*; some love it, others—not so much. And our own scene diva, Midori, expresses her appreciation for a brother columnist.

Photo of *Mammoth Book of Best New Erotica*



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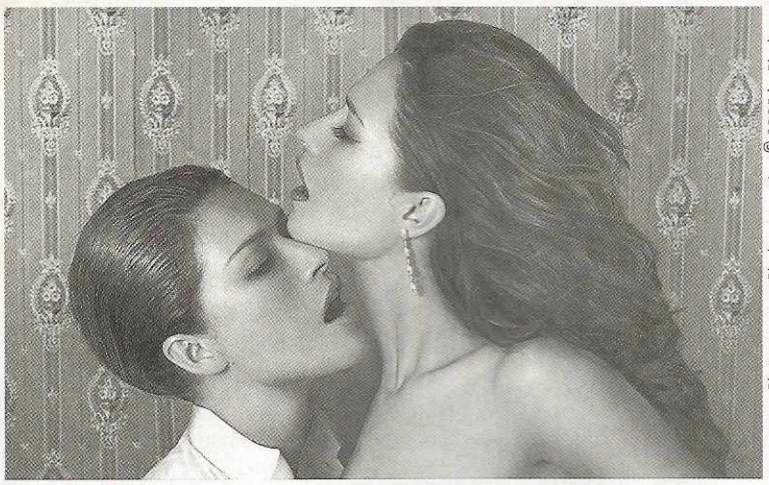


Photo courtesy *Playboy* magazine © 2005 by Playboy.

Karina Lombard—and Karina Lombard—in the July issue of *Playboy*

"Before *The L Word*, I thought I was bisexual, but I don't know anymore. Doing it with women on the show got so repetitive that it took the edge off doing it with women off the show. It got associated with work in my brain and kind of ruined it." *Karina Lombard talks to* Playboy *about her role as Marina. Their July issue featured a unique pictorial with Karina appearing in a butch-femme spread, where, through the magic of digital photography, she was both the butch and the femme.*

"It's the first time I get to be a lesbian, and I'm so excited! My girlfriend is Annette Bening, and I play this speed freak, manic-depressive, crazy woman who comes into her life and wreaks havoc on her family. I don't ever get to play these characters, so I'm having a ball." *Gabrielle Union told www.MTV.com how excited she is about her role in* Running with Scissors *and the new direction it represents in her career.*

"I spent two years studying with the French social theorist Monique Wittig, and I agree with her that gender, like race, is socially constructed. I consider myself post-gender." *Periel Aschenbrand, fashion designer-activist and creator of "The Only Bush I Trust is My Own" underwear in 2004, as reported on www.advocate.com.*

J D Samson and her armor

"Sometimes I think of my mustache as my armor."

"It's a measure of masculinity that I was so lucky to be born with. It was like a light bulb went off in my head. 'Reclaim it, J D, love it! Take what other people said was ugly your whole life and make it beautiful.' Sometimes I think of my mustache as my armor." *Le Tigre's J D Samson reclaiming her facial hair as reported by* The New York Times. OOB

BackTalk

Who taught you the most about sex and what did they teach you?

Compiled by Kristy Papka

My current girlfriend is a great communicator in bed and encourages me to do all sorts of things. Great sex begins with not being afraid to talk about it! *Blondie, Santa Barbara, California*

My parents taught me nothing about sex. But being curious, I ruffled through their *Kama Sutra* and perused bookstores for porn. I learned sex is fun; sex isn't dirty. Sometimes girls like to have sex with each other. These things stayed with me. *Tiffany, South Carolina*

My first girlfriend and I never had sex, so it was my second girlfriend who taught me. When she got on top of me and started to hump and grind, I was confused. Back then, I thought lesbians always used strap-ons, but that night I learned that if you rub two things together long enough, you're likely to start a fire! *Geneen, Detroit, Michigan*

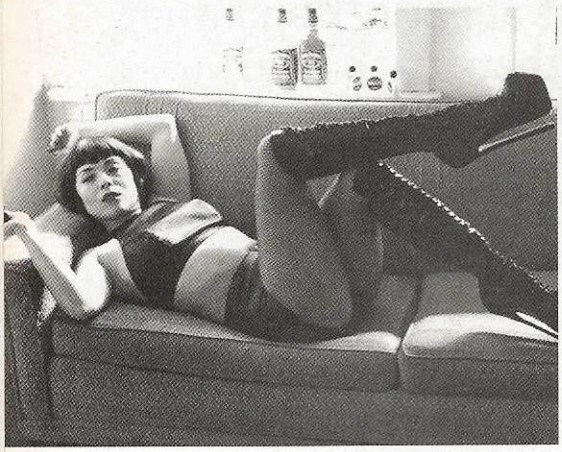
My mother's erotic fiction (that she thought I would never find), my slutty best friend, and a bevy of unabashed gay men. *Splendora, Toronto, Ontario*

My ex was psycho but also an adoring, kinky lover. She taught me how to really let go during sex, to relax, go with it, and that I don't have to get off in five minutes. I also learned the "in's and out's" of fisting, and when done properly, it is the most intense, spiritual connection I can have with someone I love. And I learned that a woman's store-bought dick and harness are a thousand times better than a man's cock! *Corrie, Jacksonville, Florida*

What's the most outrageous sex Web site you've seen?
Send your Backtalk to: editor@onourbacksmag.com.

Weekend of desire

More kissing and telling from our traveling diva.



You want some carnal knowledge? All the sex manuals and seminars are fine for starters, but there's nothing like getting elbow deep in lube to learn how to fist. The same goes for other sex skills. Nothing can replace getting it on with some good guidance. Unfortunately, practicing new kinks with a tipsy trick picked up at a club or with your beloved bed-death partner lying next to you doesn't often get you far. So pack your suitcases with sex toys, safer sex supplies, and some hottie outfits and fly off to a women's sexual paradise—a place where butches, femmes, and all sorts of women flirt under the palm trees, fuck in the sparkling blue pools, and pull fisting trains under the twinkling stars.

Oh, I can hear your despair now... "C'mon, Midori, no such place really exists."

Ah, but my little tartlets, you are wrong! I went there this past May in Palm Springs! But don't bother registering for the Dinah Shore Weekend, Olivia Cruise, or some frigid folksong fest, 'cause that's not where these sex pirates hang out. You want to go to the Desire weekend, an annual weekend retreat for leatherwomen. You're not a leatherwoman, but you love hot sex and you're curious about kink? Then this event is right for you. On the other hand, if you're too repressed to get naked in the women's locker room at the gym, you'd better stay home. In their inaugural event over one hundred women gathered in the 100+ degree weather for four days of unrestricted indoor/outdoor play, totally taking over a nudist resort to fulfill their wildest fantasies. There were workshops but not the ordinary ones: you could sign up for one-on-one lessons with expert teachers on G spot ejaculation, flogging, bottoming skills, hot wax, and more.

I have to confess I did something there that I've never, ever done before. That's right, darlings, this jaded dame still has cherries to be popped! Like so many leather events, a leather dignitary presented a keynote speech on Saturday afternoon. Sometimes these get excruciatingly boring and dry. It's impressive how dull some people can make sex sound in their speeches. Fortunately, this time it was Vi Johnson talking about leather history, and she's never dull, so I went to listen to the poolside presentation with Racer X, my partner in crimes of pleasure. I have never in my life attended a keynote address, butt naked, floating on an air mattress in a pool while licking snatch and rimming ass. I didn't hear much of the speech between the thighs on my ears and the sound of slurping, and I doubt Racer X did either with her spasms of orgasms. Of course we weren't the only ones being naughty. Vi didn't mind at all and just smiled and spoke on. When the event organizer came over she didn't reprimand us; instead she gave a thumbs up. The weekend was totally debauched. I fucked and played so much that somewhere along the way I lost clothes and have no idea where they went. So, my darling fornicators, next year, don't miss Desire (www.desireleatherwomen.com).

I have never in my life attended a keynote address, butt naked, floating on an air mattress in a pool while licking snatch and rimming ass.

In my last column I told you about the queer wonderland that is the Sydney Mardi Gras. It seems that the east coast of Australia is full of randy dykes and hot spots to find them. Aussie lezzies like to party, dance, and are friendly, too. They make it easy to strike up a conversation.

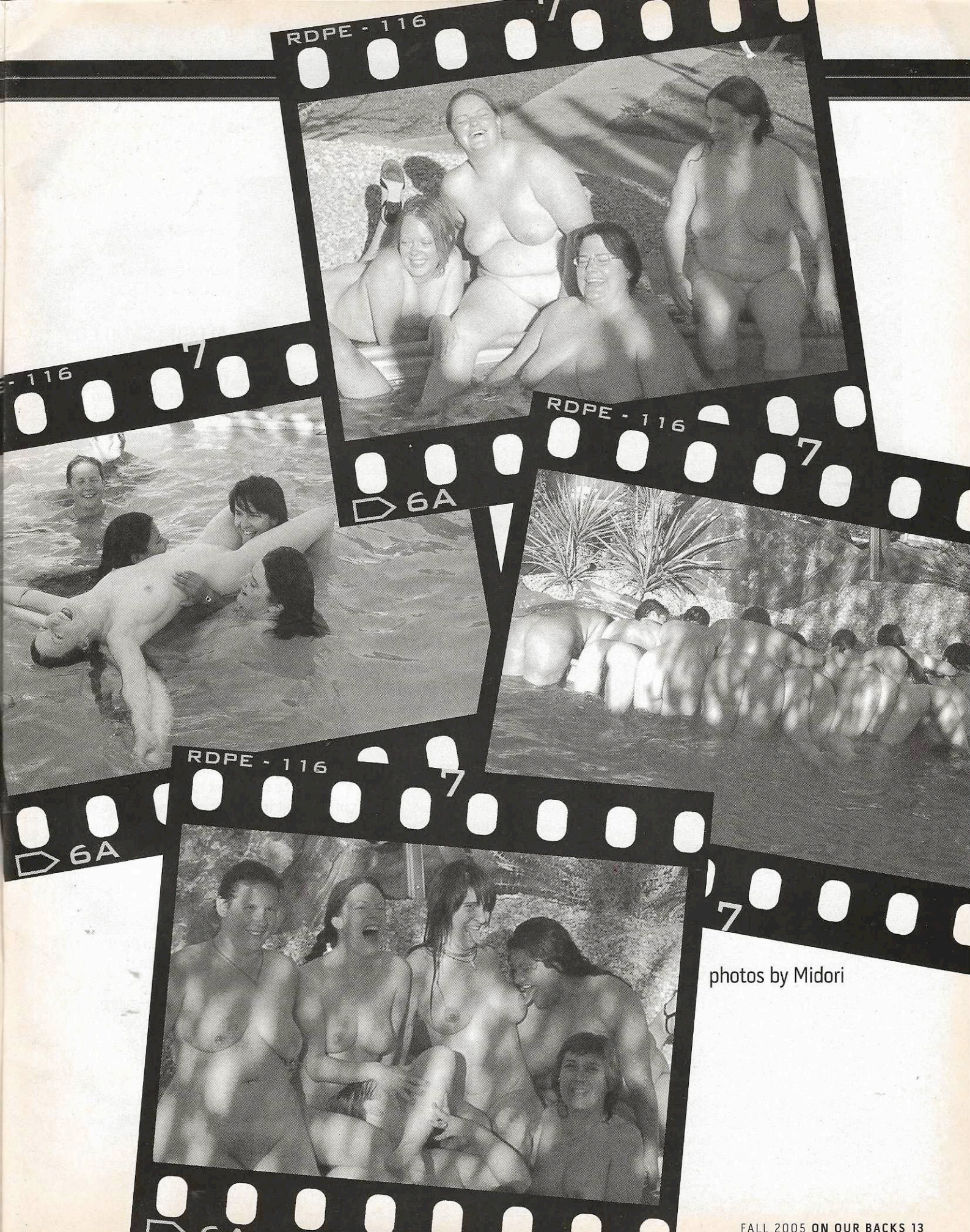
Melbourne's got a class act chick club space called the Glass House with loads of slick parties. The women range from rockabilly bad boi butches and surfer femmes to neo-punk and neo-burlesque, with sightings of the sleek fashion model types (www.girlbar.com.au).

At a dinner in Brisbane I met some women from The Independent Company, a group of women who get together to meet, learn about kink, and hook up. They also have play parties. Many of the members and officers are studly, uniform-wearing butch dykes-on-bikes types, ready and revved to take you for a long hot ride. I got some offers for a stroll and a roll, but I had to take a rain check. Curse those early morning flights! If you want to hook up with them, send an e-mail to WomensOnlyKinkNite@hotmail.com. For the members' safety, they're very secretive about their meeting location, and they screen everyone to make sure that they're not some online jackass.

Speaking of jackasses, a transwoman friend of mine was roughed up pretty badly at a convenience store in Brisbane by a pack of young thugs. While the queers are friendly, not all the country boys know their manners, so be careful.

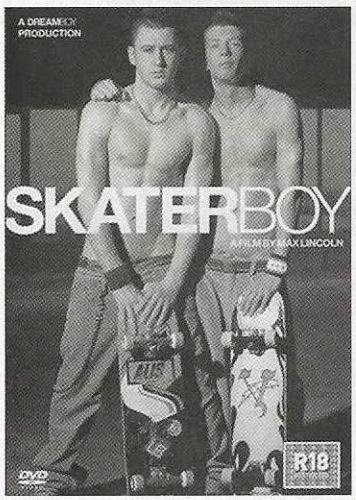
Dykes traveling to Australia should pick up a copy of *LOTL* (*Lesbians on the Loose*). It is the best starting point on where to go and what's happening (www.lotl.com). Then visit the hot spots, buy that hottie a drink, and start chatting. The Aussie women are really fun! OOB

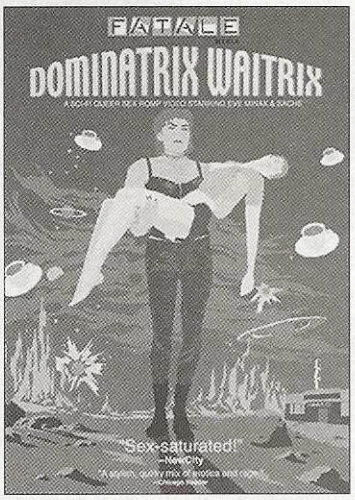
Midori is a sex-educator and the author of The Seductive Art of Japanese Bondage *and* Wild Side Sex.

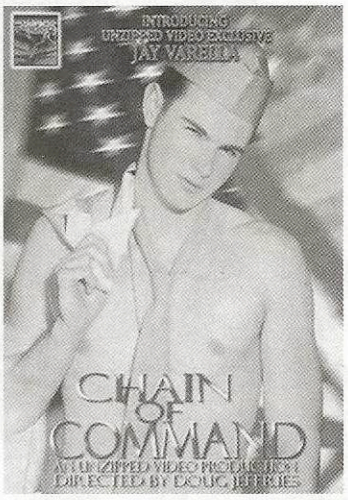


photos by Midori

Watch it







SKATERBOY

Dir. Max Lincoln
[Eurocreme, 2004]
Get that Avril Lavigne song out of your head—these skaterboys are way too raunchy for Hot Topic teen-pop. Spike, a rough-and-tumble punk with a Yorkshire accent, teams up with his shoplifting buddy Fuzz for a trip to an Amsterdam skate competition. The two ten-inch Brits get the lay of the land quickly and are soon double-penetrating a very accommodating Dutch boy in one of the hottest scenes. Sweet and smooth boys abound, but don't be fooled by the baby faces. These guys are built to fuck, and they do so fast and furiously in a series of hardcore hookups that left me hoping for a sequel. *Jess Wakefield*

DOMINATRIX WAITRIX

Dir. Edith Edit
[Fatale Media, 2005]
Part sci-fi, part experimental indie art film, this queer porn flick explores light SM, gender fluidity, role-playing, knife play, and a little pepper grinding. A scientist sends her SM clone to take over the bodies of miserable waiters and waitresses. Cut to a restroom where a waitress gets serviced with a pepper grinder as dildo—definitely "hot." A variety of additional body takeovers follow, including a fag scene cut too short. Also cut short is a promising scene with a cute femme brunette and blonde tomboy femme. After several short erotic teasers, we're treated to a group sex scene where queers go wild in all sorts of positions and pairings. *Melissa Maristuen*

CHAIN OF COMMAND

[Unzipped Video, 2005]
In this military fantasy, bright-eyed and big-dicked Owen Hawk is out to learn the meaning of "Be All You Can Be," and the boys from the Lockyer ROTC Academy are more than willing to lend a hand. Smirky superstar Brad Benton slips his dick through a gloryhole in the barracks bathroom, and it's not long before he's fucking the hell out of newcomer Tim Rusty. Real-life ex-Marine Rod Barry shines as a bad lieutenant who gets taught a few lessons on serving his country ("That's fuck you, *Sir*!"). Choking on his superior's cock, getting his furry hole eaten and then pounded into submission, squirting out a loud and enthusiastic cum-shot—I can really get behind these kind of patriot acts. *Jess Wakefield*

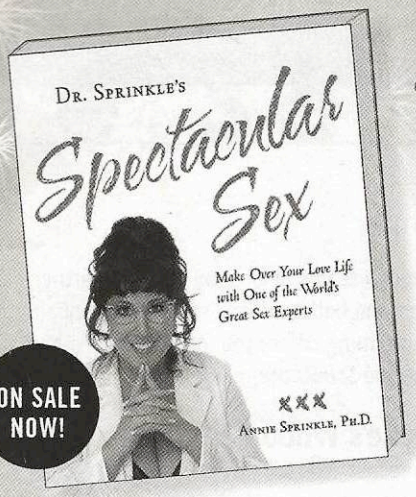
ALLGIRLSVOD.COM

Subsidiary of HotMovies.com
This video-on-demand (VOD) Web site allows you to stream porn on your computer. Finding good stuff is easy—search for titles in numerous ways and read well-written reviews that offer juicy, straight-to-the-point tidbits. You can either pay for minutes which allow you to watch as many porns as you want during that time (for example, 620 minutes for $49.95—a steal!), or pay to view one title of your choice unlimited times over a certain time period (48 hours, 7 days, 30 days, etc.).

I'm impressed that a site with so much content can be this user friendly. It's no small task to arrange information about thousands of titles on a web page that doesn't look too busy and avoids overwhelming the viewer.

I watched a scene from *Gina's Filthy Hos #7*, with a pixieish tattooed girl bent over a yellow dirt bike getting it from behind from a blonde moto dude—fairly hot. Next, a bit from *Lesbian Big Boob Nurses*, in which a woman on all-fours atop an examination table is being spanked by a naughty nurse—sign me up! In the fag realm, I dove into *Devil Dogs 3* and stumbled upon a jerk-off scene with three naked-except-for-white-socks guys on a bed—cute *and* hot!

Allgirlsvod.com is a great site for both first-time or frequent VOD users. I enjoyed the content and the site. *Melissa Maristuen*



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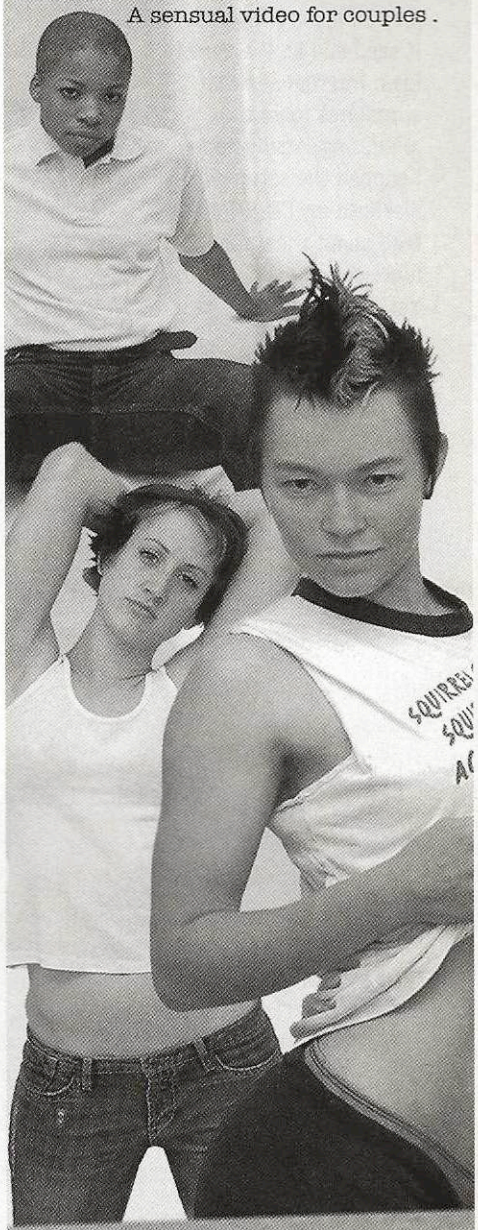

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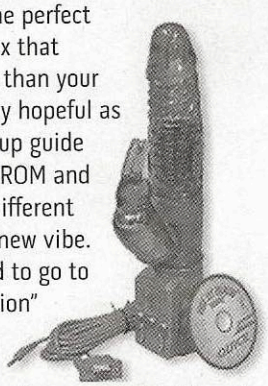


It seemed like the perfect idea: Internet sex that stimulates more than your mind. I was really hopeful as I slipped the setup guide disk into my CD-ROM and read about the different functions of my new vibe. Yet when it tried to go to the "authentication" page, my PC slowed to a crawl, none of the links worked right, and my anticipation was started to wane. So Plan B: I unplugged the vibe from the serial cable, made sure the batteries were working, and had good old-fashioned sex for one. The great thing about this vibe is all the varying speeds and rhythms. Do you want the "shaft motor" steady or pulsating? The "tickler motor" teasing or overpowering? The possibilities are endless and make for a pretty realistic experience. *Marie Dorion*

Deluxe Door Jam Cuffs

[Sportsheets, $50.00]

With this handy kit, almost any door can become a homegrown St. Andrews Cross. You get four door-jams tethers and four velour ankle/wrist cuffs with velcro closures that easily attach to the tethers. Place the door jams at the tops and the bottoms of the door, slightly hanging over and under the opposite side. Clip the cuffs to the tethers, put the comfortable cuffs around your wrists and ankles, and *voilá*! They are very sturdy and safe; for a quick release, just open the door. For additional restraint, you can use the long tethers from the fantasy kit (see below). The possibilities abound! *Suzanne Corson*

7-Piece Fantasy Restraint Kit

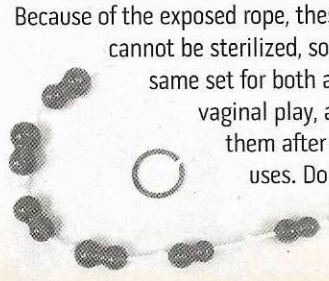
[Sportsheets, $70.00]

The kit includes a soft, lined, adjustable leather blindfold, four sturdy velcro Sports Cuffs (which can be converted to collars), and two forty-eight-inch adjustable tethers with large split O-rings so you can invent many fun ways to connect and disconnect easily. Unfortunately the packaging displays the usual white, het couple; but we know you know how to think outside that box, and this kit will give you more ways to do it. *Suzanne Corson*

Peanuts

[Lady Calston, $9.95]

After a long, warm bath, lots of foreplay, and some thick water-based lube, these cute little peanuts were a scream! The small size (each about 1" long) was perfect for our first anal bead experience, and the sensuous curves of the peanut shape kept me coming for hours. Because of the exposed rope, these beads cannot be sterilized, so don't use the same set for both anal and vaginal play, and dispose of them after three or four uses. Do take the time to file down the rough seams before you get your partner all hot and bothered, and spend lots of quality time rimming before you insert them. *Saranique Schwartz*



Wayne's Whoopie Cream

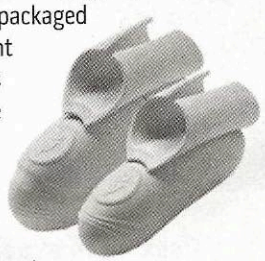
[Futurecast, $19.95]

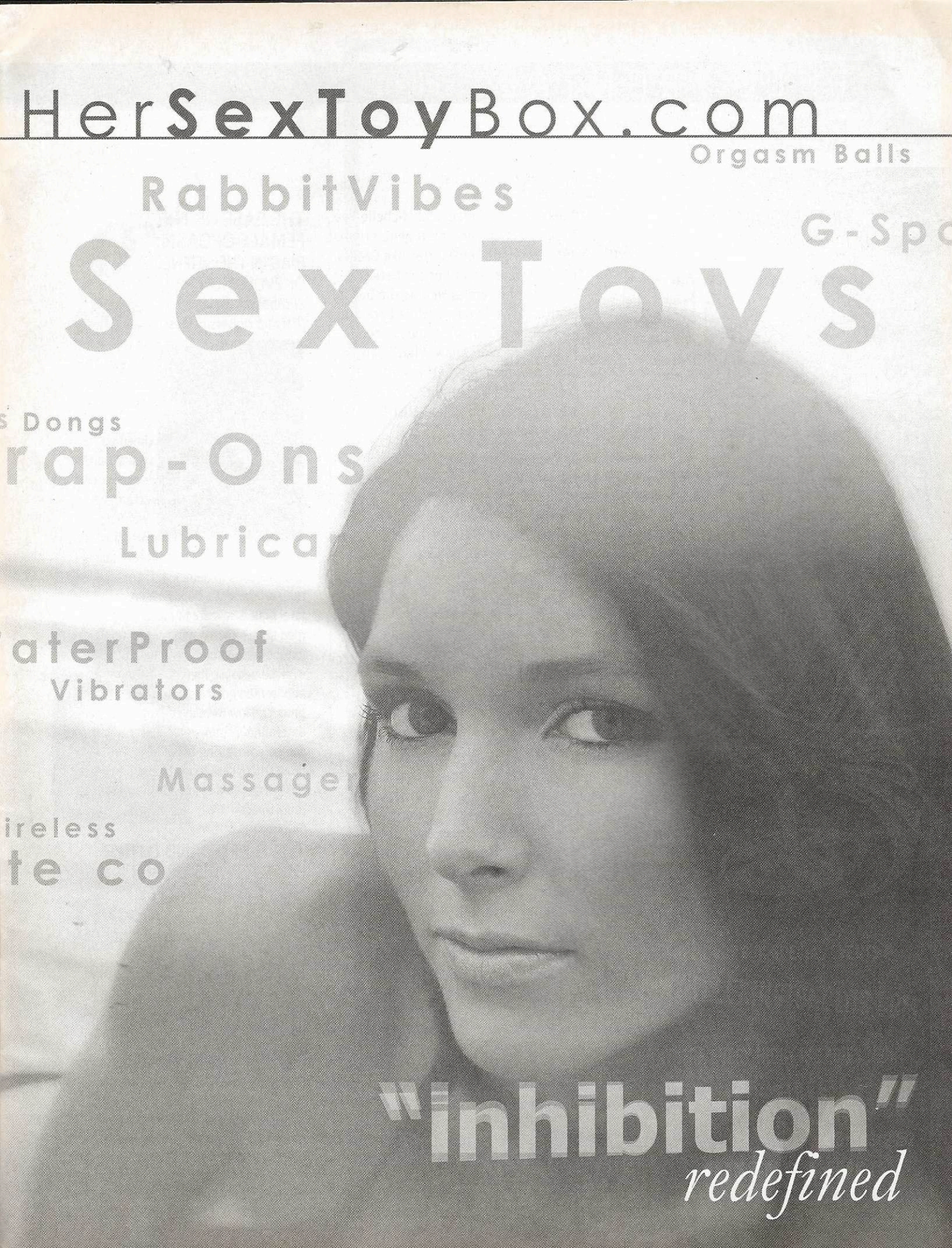
This cream promises to increase blood flow to the clit and circulation in the surrounding area—and it works. Similar creams have failed me in the past—giving me just the briefest sensation of warming. This one alternated between pleasant cooling and warming (my lover likened it to Noxzema), and the sensations lasted about twenty minutes. My clit was much happier than usual when I was getting fucked. For my lover, her arousal and orgasms were much more intense than usual. Hint: Place a warm washcloth over the clit before applying the cream to open those pores. And a note: if you lick your lady after the cream's been applied to her, your tongue will get numb for a bit, but she'll love those licks! *Lindsay Lordon*

Isis and Chandra

[Emotional Bliss, $69/$79]

Emotional Bliss (EB) is a company from the UK whose vibrators are now charging across the pond. These two are fingertip clit stimulators, each packaged with three different sized finger bands that clip on to the vibe. Quite handy. The vibes differ from each other by size, power, and volume; the Chandra is slightly larger, more intense, and a bit louder than the Isis. The Chandra is queen of my clit. Each comes with the EB brand of lube (one bottle each silicone-based and water-based—I recommend the silicone), and a charging unit with international adapters, so if you travel abroad, they can come with you. And you may just want them to, since they work very well and last three hours after an overnight charge. *Lindsay Lordon*

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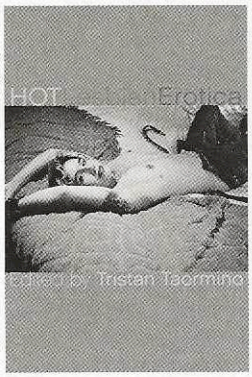
HOT LESBIAN EROTICA

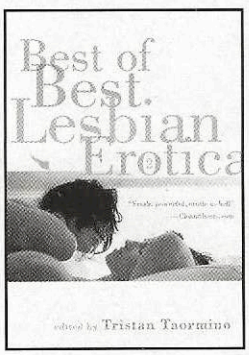
Tristan Taormino, editor
[Cleis Press]



This book is exactly what it claims to be: hot. Chosen by porn diva Tristan Taormino, this collection features steamy dyke sex of all stripes from an eclectic group of writers. Looking for hot Daddy/girl action? Got it. Private stripteases on the beach? Check. You'll love the rich language, humor, and creative sexual situations. From the opulent southern landscapes in Tennessee Jones's "The West Virginia Tattoo" to the surprise ending for one apartment hunter in Betty Blues's "Pratfall," there's a little something here for everyone. If you're looking for sex by page two of every story with women from all walks of life, then pull out the magic wand and start reading. *Meliza Bañales*

BEST OF BEST LESBIAN EROTICA 2

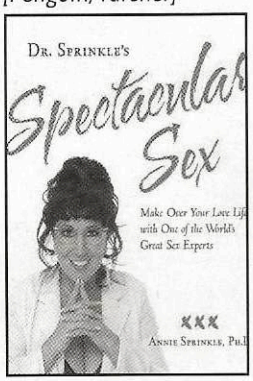
Tristan Taormino, editor
[Cleis Press]



The second "Best of Best" volume from the Best Lesbian Erotica series is almost 400 pages of the sexiest stories chosen not just by editor Tristan Taormino but also from guest judges such as Patrick Califia, Cheryl Clarke, and Michelle Tea. Their selections are intelligent, original, and downright hot. Stories like Cecilia Tan's "Always" show hot sex between multiple partners as well as the beauty of alternative families, while Cara Bruce presents a tale of anonymous peep show sex in "You Know What?", which gives new meaning to the motto "the customer is always right." Overall, a steamy collection of non-cliché, smart smut. *Meliza Bañales*

DR. SPRINKLE'S SPECTACULAR SEX: MAKE OVER YOUR LOVE LIFE WITH ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT SEX EXPERTS

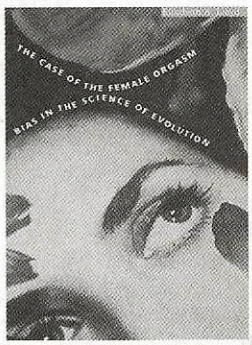
Annie Sprinkle, Ph.D.
[Penguin/Tarcher]



In *Dr. Sprinkle's Spectacular Sex*, the doctor is in! The book is not your average self-help text. It's a guide based on Sprinkle's years of experience working with couples, singles, triads, and anyone looking to enhance their lives through sexuality and her fourteen-step "Sex Life Makeover" program. Photos, personal stories of triumph from real folks who have undergone the transformation process, and amazing advice from the expert herself bring this text full circle (there's even a spreadsheet to better budget your sex life). This book is an approachable, fun text for almost anyone looking to celebrate and enhance their true center: that of erotic power. *Meliza Bañales*

THE CASE OF THE FEMALE ORGASM: BIAS IN THE SCIENCE OF EVOLUTION

Elisabeth A. Lloyd
[Harvard University Press]

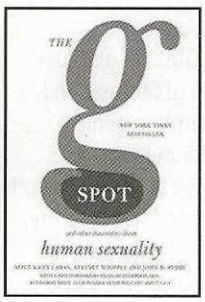


In this scientific review of the literature on women's ability to orgasm, Lloyd lined up thirty years' worth of studies designed to prove that women's orgasms evolved solely to make us better at reproducing—and proceeds to demolish them all due to their crappy data, bogus assumptions, or fatal bias. She instead makes a case for men and women having separate, autonomous sexuality. Human orgasm evolved because men need it to reproduce, and women got it as a developmental by-product. How women use that gift is ours to determine. Feminism and scientific theory can be uninspiring bedfellows, but Lloyd proves here that tenacity and hard work can bring them to a readable climax. *Beth Brown, M.D.*

THE G SPOT AND OTHER DISCOVERIES ABOUT HUMAN SEXUALITY

Alice Kahn Ladas, M.S.S., Ed.D., Beverly Whipple, Ph.D., and John D. Perry, Ph.D.
[Henry Holt/Owl Books]

The G Spot confirms what women have always known: there is a spot in the female body that will provoke an array of sexual responses when touched in that special way. This 2005 reprint of the 1974 bestseller stays true to the original, including accounts from a variety of people about their experiences with the



"Gräfenberg Spot," plus easy-to-read information on its history, science, and anatomy. The reprint contains a new forward but doesn't really provide any new insight on the G spot or how its discovery changed our view of women's sexuality. Nonetheless, the book still gives us plenty to talk about. *Meliza Bañales*

WILD SIDE SEX: THE BOOK OF KINK

EDUCATIONAL, SENSUAL, AND ENTERTAINING ESSAYS

by Midori

[Daedalus Publishing]

This volume features the collected writings of *On Our Backs*' own Scene Diva, Midori, from 1997 to 2005. Organized into three sections, this volume contains a how-to section with various kinds of play and roles; an explanation of fetishism; and the heart of the book, the "Fundamentals of Kink," where Midori really dives in. She discusses protocol and specific BDSM practices (including lesser known and understood activities like chastity play) as well as less "sexy" but important issues like trust, vulnerability, and aftercare. *Wild Side Sex* is not aimed at novices, but Midori welcomes them. She expects criticism for writing about edgier forms of play, but she counters by saying it is better that curious beginners learn how to play safely from the start. Wise words from a wickedly wise woman. *Suzanne Corson*

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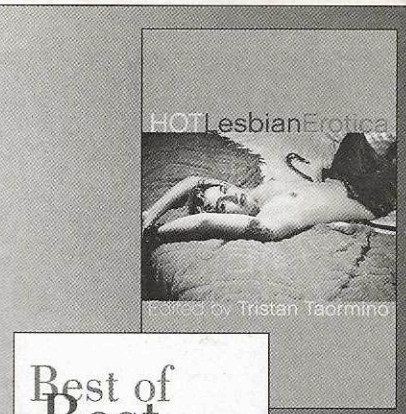

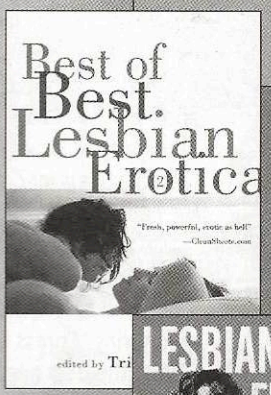

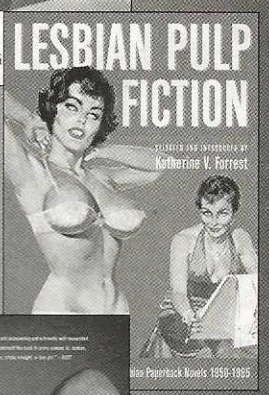

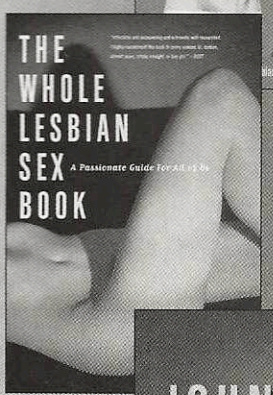

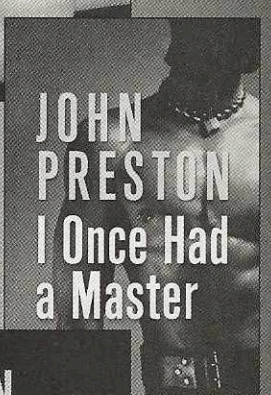

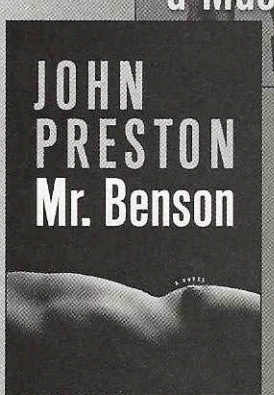

Beard Caress

Adventure Girl ventures out to solve a mystery.

There is a guy who leaves teeny-tiny sex adverts around my neighborhood, on mailboxes, ATMs, bus stops, lampposts, and the like. The ads look homemade, mention his phone number, and read: "Mr. Cane—CP Service for She." Lately he's been running some new ads that say, simply: "Beard Caress." I know that CP stands for Corporal Punishment, but Beard Caress—what the hell is that about?

On a bad day I imagine it to involve—horrors!—hairy hippies nakedly invading my space, or lecherous professorial types with bits of breakfast still stuck in their beards, murmuring "Caress it baby."

But there's a nugget in there that's worth eroticizing. Beard Caress also suggests the sheer genderfuck pleasure of sporting a set of drag king whiskers and fucking with the women; or feeling the bristles of some hot tranny stud working their way around my snatch; or even making a bearded lady crawl, pulling her around by her hairy chin. One of the greatest scenes I ever witnessed at a play party featured a woman shaving her submissive partner with a straight-edged razor. She told me that her boyfriend hated having facial hair, and that she'd made him grow a straggly, itchy beard so that she could whip it off, lovingly and terrifyingly—oops, watch that blade, missy!

Illustration by Laurenn McCubbin

I see these Beard Caress signs around and although they're laughable, the desire to know what they mean burns me up. It's like being back in the school playground, nervously asking: "What's a 'blow job'?" Recently it occurred to me that there was one thing to do: call the number. A moment after that thought came this: there was no way in hell that I was going to call the number.

Girls get taught that awful things can happen if you go venturing out, looking for sexual knowledge. There are a lot of creeps and stalkers in the world. Calling the number would mean making myself vulnerable to a strange guy who could trace my phone, figure out where I lived, come and—get me. Not only that, but a strange guy who puts weird little adverts all over the neighborhood, *my* neighborhood? At best he might be eccentric, at worst—who knows?

A voice piped up inside: "I'm Adventure Girl! I'm a sexual superhuman! I'm fearless! I live in the realm of fantasy, and I'm always up for it! The awkward, painful, unphotogenic, emotionally confusing reality of fucking is for puny mortals, not me! I never have bad sex!" It's a lot to live up to, but here I am, Adventure Girl, so I reasoned that I'd better screw up my courage, take some precautions, and have a go. After all, it's my job. Besides, there's a certain appeal about being a dyke and doing something taboo. I like the whole queerness of a woman calling an SM guy who's looking to turn some tricks, even if he is just a fantasist with a taste for strange sex.

I called Beard Caress from a cell phone that I, er, *borrowed*. It clicked through to voicemail and I stammered: "I want to know what Beard Caress means." I left a contact number and hung up. One week later I was still waiting for the answer. Damn that Beard Caress guy, I seethed, why won't he tell me what he's about?

So, onwards. Last night I had sex with someone who shall remain nameless. The Beard Caress thing was far from my mind as I wriggled around on my honey's tongue. She repeated a joke about eating at the Y, which made me laugh, and I looked down at her going down on me.

There's a certain appeal about being a dyke and doing something taboo.

"Oh, my god!" I spluttered.

"What?" I'd startled her.

"It's you!"

"What have I done?"

"When you eat me out it looks as though you're wearing a beard!"

"Oh, your pubes?"

"Yeah! I know what it is."

"Huh?"

"Beard caress, I know what it is. You're caressing my beard, my pubic hair is a beard."

"Your beard?" She thought for a beat, made a face, then said: "That's gross, cut it out." With that my sweetie went back to work, and I lay back on the pillow and thought of England, or something like that. OOB

Every issue, ***Adventure Girl*** *sets off for another sexcapade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to:* ***On Our Backs****, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; e-mail: editor@onourbacksmag.com.*

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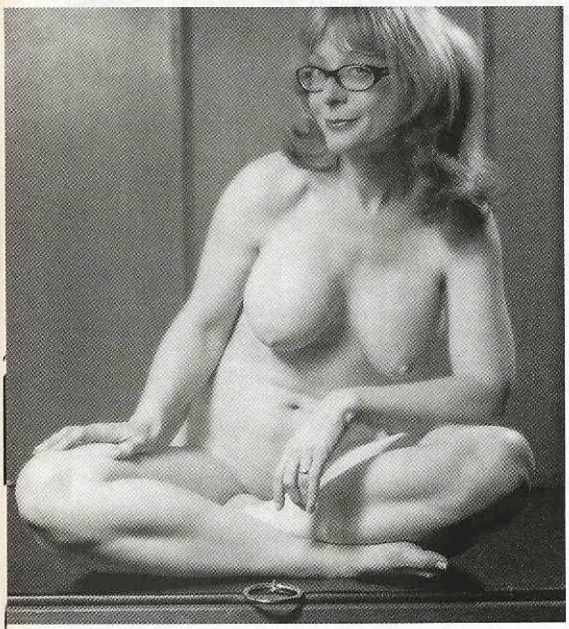

Multiple...Oh!

Are multiple orgasms real? I mean, are they a succession of full orgasms or one big orgasm with lots of "ripples"? What percentage of women have multiple orgasms? Should all women be able to? How? —*Orgasmically curious*

Yes, Virginia, multiple orgasms are real and take a variety of forms. Every woman's experience is unique, varying from woman to woman and time to time, or even within a single session. Whew! I have lovers who have two to five full, separate, distinct orgasms during a session of 90 minutes, spaced from between 10-20 minutes apart. I have lovers who get up to speed and just stay there the whole time, like a jet ski on a choppy lake. Some are from fucking, some from munching, some from buzzing, and some from diddling while fucking, etc. Depending on whose research you believe, up to 60 percent of women are capable of being multi-orgasmic. Practically all of the multi-women I've interviewed (an unscientific sampling, to be sure) report that they've been this way from the beginning of their sex lives. In other words, they don't know how they do it, they just know they can—that it's never been difficult, and it's always been that way for them, Goddess bless 'em! I'm in that 40 percent who are singly orgasmic. I tried for years to "follow the pleasure" in order to become multi-orgasmic, to no avail. I finally decided that my wiring is what it is and not to stress about it, which was starting to ruin the orgasm I did have. While I'm not multi, my orgasm is much stronger, deeper, and longer than it used to be, so I've improved my experience greatly as a result of my efforts. As long as everyone is happy and satisfied, don't worry about who comes how often. It's not a contest or a test of character. As a happy side benefit, my single status makes me an excellent top for a multi-gal, as I can concentrate while excited.

Kinsey 1,2,3

There's lots of talk about the Kinsey scale—what is it? Did the Kinsey folks measure sexual experience or thoughts? If I've never been with a woman, but I know I want to, where does that put me on the Kinsey scale? —*Wants to measure up*

Dr. Kinsey developed the famous six-point scale as he attempted to measure and quantify human sexual behavior and desire. It breaks out like this: zero is exclusively heterosexual; one is predominantly heterosexual and only incidentally homosexual; two is predominantly heterosexual but more than incidentally homosexual; three is equally sexual with both genders; four is predominantly homosexual but more than incidentally heterosexual; five is predominantly homosexual and only incidentally heterosexual and six is exclusively homosexual. While the Kinsey scale mainly measures behavior, it does take into account people's fantasies and desires. On it, you'd be a "one: mainly heterosexual, only incidentally homosexual." While you haven't yet even been "incidentally homosexual," you're open to the notion, and that's enough. I dreamt about being with women for at least four years before it happened, but I had identified as "bisexual" long before that. In today's parlance, you're "bi-curious" or "bi-friendly," which is a great spot to be in! Being able to plan out how you'll lose your girl cherry, and to whom, is part of the fun. "Bi Pride" is growing, so you have a lot of company in this area. Try to hook up with the bi community (often associated with the gay and lesbian ones) nearest to where you live and step into the mix. You'll find the right one for you.

P Spot vs G Spot

I keep hearing talk about the "P spot" that men have and all these new "P spot" toys. Do women have one? Is it like the G Spot? —*Hitting that spot*

Women don't have "P spots," as they don't have prostate glands, which is what the "P" stands for. It's like the G spot in that it is an area that is very sexually sensitive and is accessed from the inside of a person instead of the outside. While not all women's G spots are equally sensitive or orgasm-inducing, all women have one, since it is an anatomical reality. Also called the "urethral sponge," the G spot is found about 1 1/2-2" inside the pussy, toward the front of the woman. If she's lying on her back and you put two fingers in facing up about a knuckle and a half and make a "coochie coo" motion, you'll have it. She may love it, she may feel she needs to pee, or she may dislike direct stimulation of that area. If she's aroused, she'll probably like stimulation better. Some women like a diffused, "flat" stimulation, while others prefer a more pointed, direct attack. Some women will need additional clitoral stimulation to come, and some will just like to be fucked, thankyouverymuch. Follow the pleasure and you'll be fine! OOB

Yes, Virginia, multiple orgasms are real and take a variety of forms.

Nina Hartley is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way.
Mail to: **Probe Nina** at ***On Our Backs***, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

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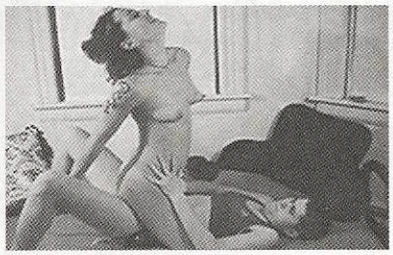

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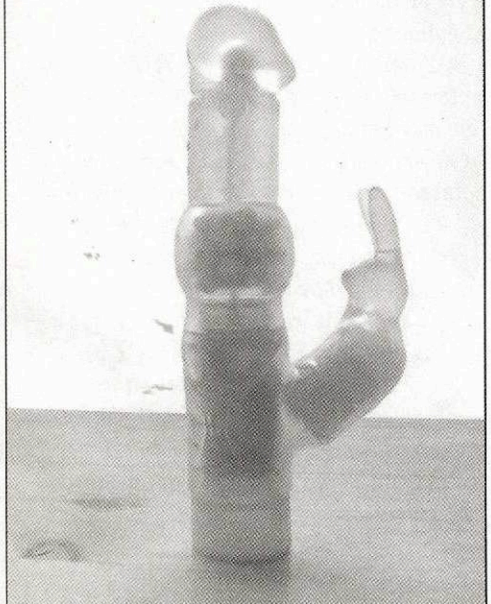

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Color my world

Is it still wrong to wear black and brown together? I have a great pair of brown boots, no money, and a smooth pair of black jeans. My girl tells me I can't wear them together. What do you think? —*Black and brown, all over town*

Femmes are great at teaching us about fashion, but nothing works like your own mojo. As our civilization speeds to its apparent end, every fashion rule has been crushed in a three-decade pileup. Designers have lost their minds, making thousand-dollar copies of nineties Portland-dyke style: Salvation Army floods, tatters, and mixed patterns, all previous fashion felonies. And yet for us queers, that was so twentieth century. Please.

Tell your girlfriend that high style has been turned on its head; everything is now in. Wear whatever makes you feel cool. Take fashion risks. If your attitude says you rock, then you rock. Your newfound confidence will knock your woman out.

"How to" help

What were your "butch bibles"? Are there particular books that you've read which helped you learn more about being butch? —*Butch bookaholic*

As a child I read boy's books. My first dyke novel was Rita Mae Brown's Rubyfruit Jungle. *After years of putting myself in Holden Caulfield's or Huck Finn's shoes, it was a breath of fresh air. As an adult, Leslie Feinberg's* Stone Butch Blues *made me cry. But none of these taught me to be butch. I related to them because I was already that way, and I could see myself in them.*

I learned to be butch from my girlfriends but especially from my butch pals. I watched how they dressed; we exchanged secrets on strapperdowners and harnesses, how to ask chicks out, and how not to step on each other's toes doing it. We made art, films, novels, photos, music that told our version of things. We have begun to document each era of our history, which is essential to a sense of wholeness and self-esteem. Judith Halberstam's Female Masculinity *runs the last century down pretty well.* Persistent Desire: A Femme-Butch Reader *edited by Joan Nestle is good, if you can find it. I like* S.C.U.M. Manifesto *(Valerie Solanas), just 'cause it's snarky and pissed off, and that's the kinda guy I am. Others:* The Beautifully Worthless *by Ali Liebegott,* The Last Time I Wore a Dress *by Daphne Scholinski,* Godspeed *by some loser (Ed.: Not quite; it's great, and it's by Uncle Lynnee.) Write your own butch bible based on your own experiences, how you feel, what you think, what you do about public bathrooms, who beat the crap out of you, who you punched right back, and how you pleased your woman. We're all hanging on each other's every word, as we create our own culture. Isn't it fabulous?*

Goin' to the gyno, everybody...

Like a lot of butches I know, my girlfriend would rather die than go to the gynecologist. But I think she needs to have, um, something checked out. There's a growth that might be a wart. She keeps saying it's nothing, but it's new and getting bigger. How do other butches deal with Gyn appointments? —*Concerned girlfriend*

They either clench their teeth and go to the twat checker, or they die. There are lots of women's clinics that are attuned to butches. You can call for her and ask for a dyke doc or at least one who is sensitive to gender issues. I liked to go to Planned Parenthood, and whenever they asked what form of birth control I used, I wrote "lesbianism." That always got things going in the right direction. There's no need to mince words. She can ask her pals where they go. Someone has gone where no butch has dared to go before, and she'll be glad to share the info.

Don't be a turkey; wear that tie

My lady is taking me home to meet her family for the first time this Thanksgiving. I'm much more butch than her ex, who her family met a few times. What should I wear? I don't want to freak them out with my men's clothes, but I want to stay true to myself, you know? Help! —*Clothing challenged*

Wear your damn men's clothes. People either like you or they don't. If they hate queers, they're gonna hate you in a dress just as much as a suit. You're banging their daughter. No outfit is gonna change that. But it sounds like they're used to that, since they didn't kill her last girlfriend.

Be a well-dressed guy. If you feel comfortable and respectable, you'll charm them more easily. They might as well see you as you really are. And have some style. Represent. Imagine you are the only butch dyke a straight person ever knowingly meets. If you're polite, friendly, clean, and at ease, that will be one for our side. The more people think we're cute and nice, the less they will want to kill us. This is your chance to make our world safe for all queers. No pressure. OOB

Let **Lynnee Breedlove** fix your love life. Mail to: **Uncle Lynnee** at ***On Our Backs***, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; fax: 415-648-4705; e-mail: unclelynnee@onourbacksmag.com. And listen for "Unka Lynnee's Skool 4 Boyz" on Pirate Cat Radio or catch a class near you!

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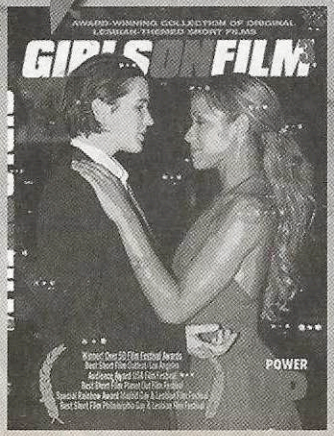

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The Pussy Sex Restaurant

Learn how to prepare your palate for delicious new sexual adventures.

Hey baby, are you ready for some adventure? You're expecting advice on how to hang by your genitals from the ceiling, aren't you? Now darlin', a lot of those supposed 101-things-to-try-at-home sexperts will tell you little tricks to give you a thrill. You want the whole menu of sexual selections to choose from, but first I want to make sure that the restaurant itself has the perfect setting so you will delight in your decadent meal. I want to set the scene so that there is more of a chance for you to enjoy those 101 tricks.

"Would you like to start with our sampler platter?"

Think about sex. Buy, borrow, or, ahem, steal magazines, books, and DVDs about sex to really open your mind. When you read a story, ask yourself "Do I want to try this at home?"

"And to drink—a cocktail? Refreshing lemonade?"

Examine your assumptions. This will reveal what limits you and can lead you to some new menu items right away. Let me sexplain. First, list your "can only's." *"I can only: come to orgasm lying on my belly; with my right hand; and with no one breathing. I can only enjoy my body if the lights are off."* Then your "can'ts": *"I can't come again if I already came. I can't G spot orgasm. I can't ask for a spanking, or my lover will leave me. I can't have orgasms, period."*

You can add variety to your sex life if you just open your mind and try. The trying is the fun part; if it is pleasurable, it's worth it. Like, what's wrong with lying on your back and getting licked for three hours and not orgasming as long as you are enjoying the laps? Most women stop the enjoyment because they feel guilty about getting pleasured, *not* because it physically feels bad. I used to think that I could only come masturbating with my right hand. Then only oral sex with me on top. Then I learned about vibrators. Then I just *relaxed*, let go of guilt and shame, and tried more ways.

"Soup or salad? How about some Relaxation Vichyssoise?"

After directing *Healing Sex* (www.healingsexthemovie.com), the movie based on Staci Haines' important book, I learned quickly that telling yourself to "Relax!" doesn't work for most people. Your *body* needs to relax, not your head; in order for that to happen, your body must feel safe. First, set boundaries that make you feel safe, *then* try something new. For example, let's say you're anxious about anal sex but also intrigued. And your honey wants to try. Here's a plan: Tell your honey "No matter what I say *do not* put, or try to put, anything at all in my bottom. *Period.*" Then, when you feel safe and certain that rule will be followed, talk about anal sex and pretend you are doing it. Have her rub her fingers or cock all around your ass, bend you over the washing machine, massage your thighs, whatever, and talk some more about her fucking your ass. Use your imagination. Surprisingly enough, your anus will relax. Still, don't stick anything in it. Yet. Continue to talk and pretend many times, and then one day alone by yourself, *you* will try one tiny pinky finger in your butt. This safety trick can also be applied to small fantasies as well as the more physically challenging ones like getting in your hiney. Scared of public sex? Well, just dry hump and act it out; then if you see unsafe characters you can actually just separate your clothed bodies and run. You can apply this to BDSM play as well with a little twist. Instead of not doing the physical act, you just set a limit on it for the first time. Okay, spank me, but only this hard and no harder the whole time. Or use choose a safe word that means "stop" or "not so hard." Check out www.soulshaven.com for their BDSM checklist. Checklists and quizzes are always fun to do with a partner and can help open up discussions about new menu items to try.

"And for your entrée? Yourself. A fine choice!"

Make a masturbate-a-thon date with yourself, and go until your hand or whatever you're rubbin' on burns up and falls off. Go ahead and use two hands if you have them; rub ice cubes on your nipples; trail fingernails up your thighs; feed chocolate pudding to yourself while your bottom half goes crazy on a silicone helper; check into a hotel with windows you can see out of but no one can see in, then dance for the whole city! (Thanks to Center of Sex and Culture in San Francisco for the term "masturbate-a-thon"—it is one of their most fun events.)

Feed chocolate pudding to yourself while your bottom half goes crazy on a silicone helper.

"For dessert, may we recommend our Exploration Tart?"

You are primed and ready for all the exploration you can handle. Make your own menu, everything you *might* ever want to try—remember you don't need to try everything on it. If you need a jumpstart, Dr. Carol Queen's book *Exhibitionism for the Shy* has great lists of words, roles to play, and more. Go to www.onourbacksmag.com for my personal challenge list of sexual exploration! OOB

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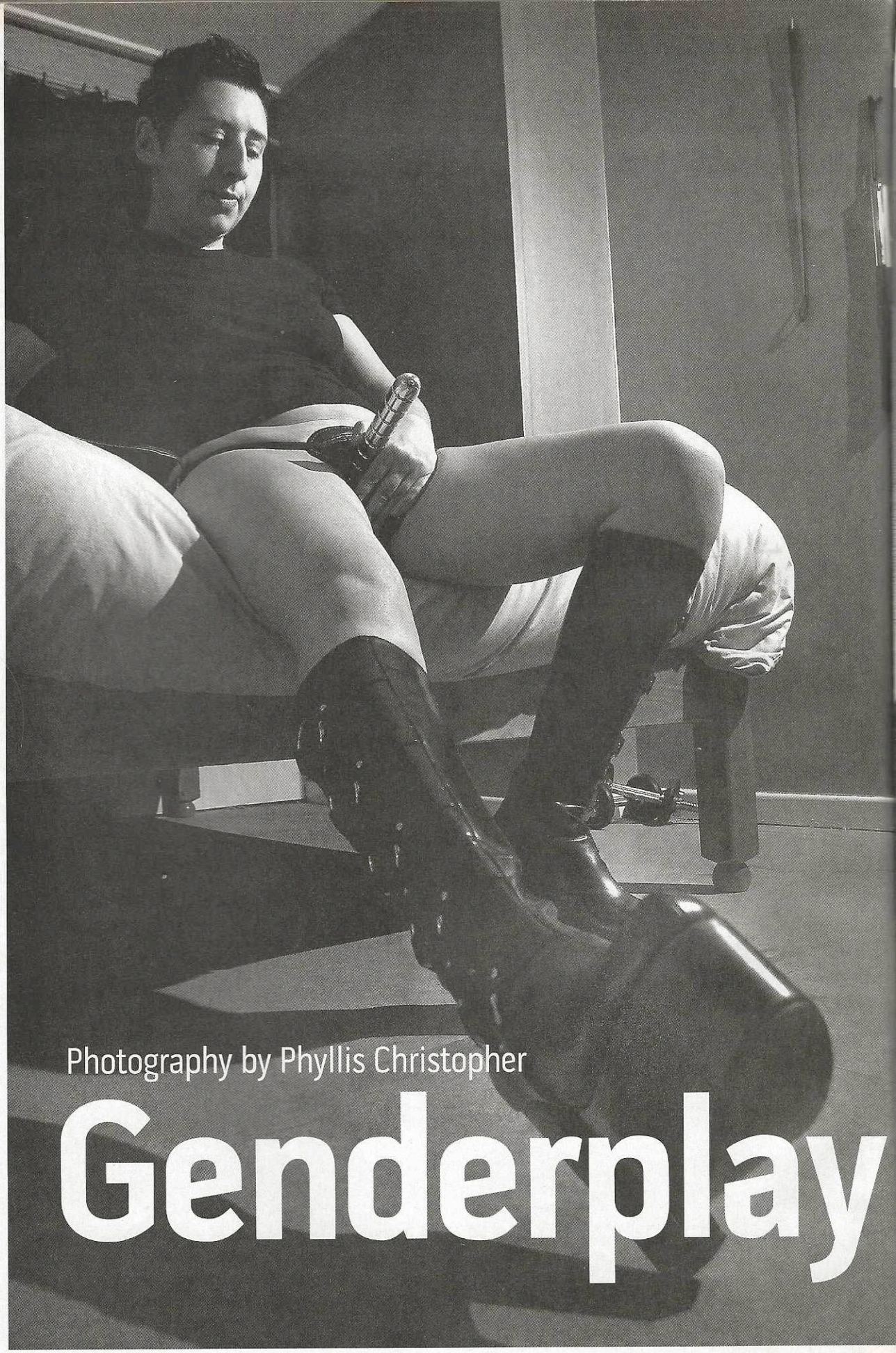


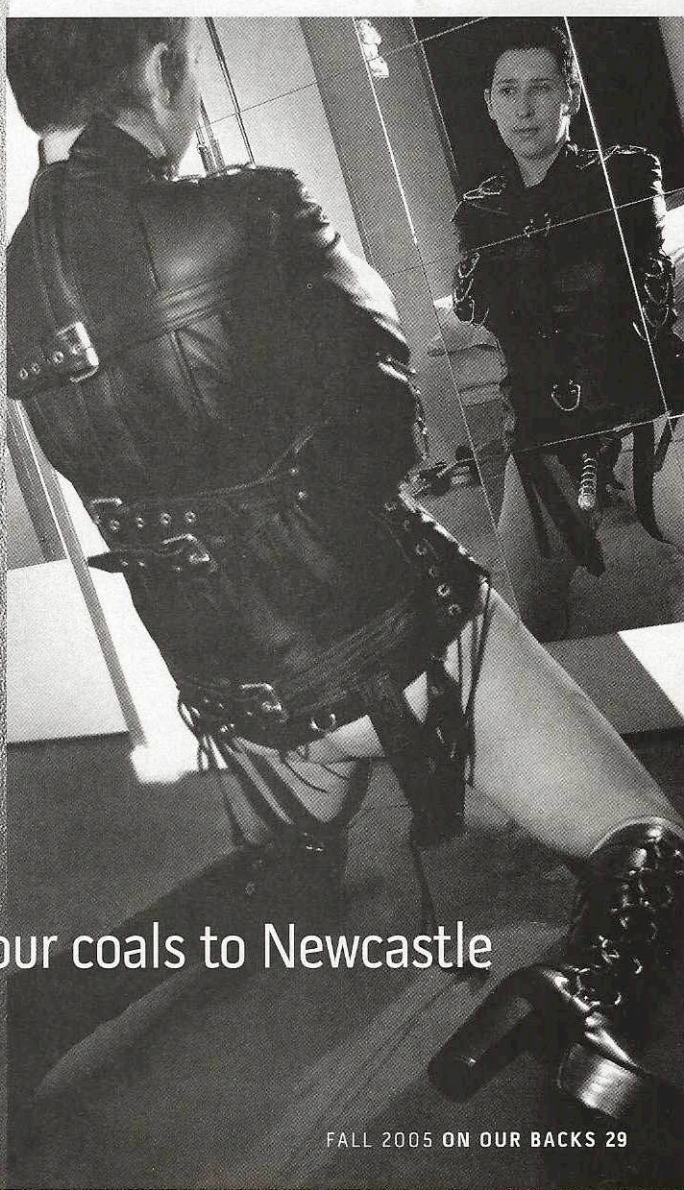
Photography by Phyllis Christopher

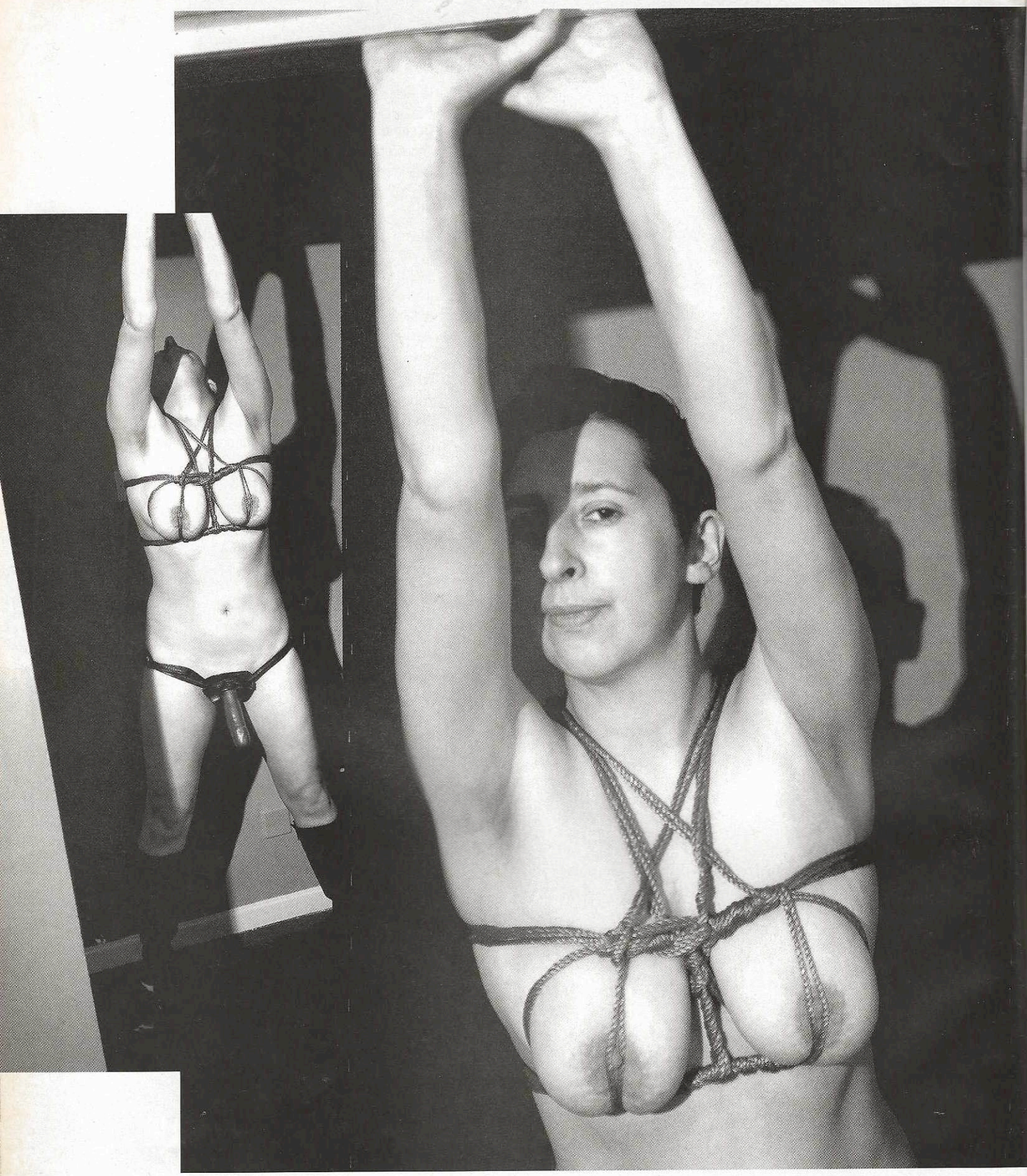
Genderplay

in the U.K.

Meet Michelle—and get your coals to Newcastle

Name: Michelle
Nick Names: M (generic); Princess (in girl mode); Kenny (in boi mode)
Age: 32
Occupation: Unemployable Lawyer
Location: Newcastle, UK
Identity: Varies—sometimes femme top, sometimes bottom boi. Always a playful queer perv.
Status: Single
Favorite sex toy: Steel dildos
Sex toy she can't live without: Nexus Double Dildo
What kind of girls she goes for: Dark and dirty
How does a girl turn her off: By being arrogant, ignorant, or stupid
What gets her off: Flirting, deep kissing, strong hands, dirty mouths, rough hard fucking, fisting, blow jobs, anal, steel toys, boots, rope bondage, drag, voyeurism, group play, power exchange, gay boys, and trannies.
Favorite spot for fucking: Outdoors
Must-try sex act: Gang bang





The Good Doctor

Sex educator Annie Sprinkle and her lover talk about Annie's new self-help book, their sex life, love and art, their massage table, and getting older. Good news: it's better after 50!

by Suzanne Corson

Annie Sprinkle has graced the pages of *On Our Backs* over the years as a model, photographer, writer, filmmaker, and sex expert, so it seemed fitting that she be a star attraction of this Carnal Knowledge issue. Currently Annie is celebrating the release of her latest book, *Dr. Sprinkle's Spectacular Sex—Make Over Your Love Life*.

Dr. Sprinkle and her lover of three years, Beth Stephens, an artist and art professor at the University of California, Santa Cruz, treated me to a delightful lunch in their San Francisco home where we spoke about carnal knowledge, Annie's new book, and their Love Art Laboratory project.

Photography by juliancash.com

On Our Backs: How old were you when you first became aware of sex?

Annie Sprinkle: I heard about it on the playground from another kid, and I thought it was disgusting. Of course we used to play nasty and look at each other in the garage and in our tents. My parents left sex books around the house, like *The Joy of Sex*, and years later they said they'd left them out knowing we'd find them. Both of my parents were educators, and I'm all about education. Education is hot and sexy. I consider myself a student of sex as well as a teacher—still a student, always looking to learn more.

OOB: When did you two get together?

Beth Stephens: About three years ago, but we first met in 1990 when I curated her "tit prints" into a queer art show called "Outrageous Desires" at Rutgers University. Then I got her to pose with me for sexy photos for my graduate thesis show. We didn't become lovers until three years ago.

AS: I wasn't lesbian enough before, and she had a thing going on with someone else.

BS: But I always thought she was extraordinarily hot, and I was just waiting. I'm a Scorpio, so I can wait a long time.

AS: Three years ago we ran into each other, found each other single, and I asked her out. An hour into the date we were smooching passionately on my bed, and we ended up having sex for three days and three nights. Then on our second date we had sex for three days and three nights. We just could not get out of bed for a whole bunch of dates and then after five months we decided to become domestic partners.

BS: Annie moved in with me—

AS: Yep. Brought the U-Haul.

BS: —which was wonderful.

AS: We're so well-matched because we're both artists and—

BS: We're both workaholics, and we both love sex.

AS: Yeah, Beth is extremely sex-positive—not everyone could handle my past, a lover who's had sex with thousands of men.

BS: See, and I feel like she was just getting ready for me.

AS: I'm fifty, and I'm having the best sex ever. I can look back at my sex life from my

twenties and say, I didn't know shit about intimacy, love, hot sex, or orgasms. Women in their twenties and thirties have their charms. But they're just learning the basics. And unfortunately in our culture, when women start becoming more sexually knowledgeable and powerful, sometimes people can feel threatened, so that's one reason why our society's so youth-oriented.

OOB: As with everything, it seems like trends in sex tend to be cyclical; everything was all about the G spot in the 1980s and BDSM in the 1990s. What do you envision next?

AS: I think for awhile there was a big trend in the sex community to be more wild and kinky, more fetishistic, or more extreme—how tight can you make your corset, how many fists can you get in, and how many swacks can you take. All that's wonderful, but I see a return to what's often called vanilla sex. Vanilla is the new kinky. But vanilla sounds derogatory to me, so I call it "classic sex." A little fucking, a little sucking—

BS: Yeah, with a little fisting, a little extreme massage, a little anal. I think your vanilla's like those old Dairy Queens. Did you ever go to Dairy Queen when you were a kid, and they would dip the ice cream in chocolate? Yeah, it's like vanilla dipped in chocolate. With a little butterscotch on top.

AS: And lots of sprinkles! Our favorite thing is to set up the massage table in our huge kitchen in this old Victorian house and set out our toys, prepare the music and the candles—we really set up—then we take several hours to devour each other. I mean, we love our quickies and our early-morning-in-bed-69's, but we especially love our sexual massage rituals—

BS: It's like an altar—

AS: For me, time is the ultimate aphrodisiac. We would be very happy to spend twelve hours. We talk about "getting into the zone." You just can't get into those altered states, those deeply satisfying, core-satisfaction places, in half an hour or even an hour. It takes at least an hour and a half to get into the zone, for most of us, even with training—really surrendering and being willing to go. Once you get into the zone, time stands still. Time and daily life just fall away. And that's when, to me, the magic really happens.

OOB: With your travel, Annie, and your commuting to Santa Cruz from San Francisco, Beth, how often do you get to indulge in these extended sessions?

BS: We try to do it once a week, at least.

AS: A full, very thorough session helps lubricate us through life and through a busy week.

BS: It's like going to church.

AS: It's deep, it's healthy, and it keeps us very happy. It reboots our relationship 'cause we can get so wrapped up in work that we go into our own little worlds. We're very affectionate with each other all the time, and there's little bits of sexuality through the day—

BS: Yeah, we send each other a lot of dirty e-mails—

AS: —so we're always erotically or sensually connected.

BS: We're also doing a big project called the Love Art Laboratory, where we're making our love into art. We recently did a performance piece called "X-treme Kiss" at an art gallery opening where we kissed really passionately for three hours without stopping. We didn't talk to or look at anyone else; we just kissed for three hours.

AS: The hardest part was not going further than the kiss. That was the real challenge.

BS: We're also developing a theater piece, and when I do something like that with Annie, that's like having sex, too. When we're creative together, that's a whole other level of interaction that's very erotic and sexual.

AS: Making art becomes sexual, but also our sex becomes art. We're also doing a series of seven weddings, each based on the theme and color of the seven chakras.

OOB: Did you get married last year when it was legal in San Francisco?

AS: We tried. But we didn't get legally married, because they stopped the weddings the day before our appointment.

OOB: That's wrong!
AS: But we went and had a big old wedding anyway which was a performance art event—a collaborative wedding that was webcast. We're doing weddings as art. We and all the guests wore red...

BS: The first chakra is the security chakra, the root chakra, and the color's red, so the next chakra, next year, will be the sexuality chakra, which is orange.
AS: Oh, and we're doing a series of Sidewalk Sex Clinics, where a group of us sit at tables and give free expert sex advice to people on the streets. We just did two great events where we had twenty-five artists making a bunch of erotic art live, with five nude models modeling in the center of the space; then all the party guests got to take home a piece of original erotic art, which they had watched being made. So we infused both New York City and San Francisco each with 400 pieces of erotic art in just two nights. We're doing our part to make the world a more love-filled, sexy, erotic place.

OOB: And then there's your new book.

AS: I've taken everything I've learned from over three decades of intense sexual explorations and research and brought it together into a book. I want to reach the red states as well as the blue states, religious people, conservative people. I speak to lesbians, straight people, trans people, celibate people, all kinds. For years I've done a lot of edgy stuff—the porn and the experimental arty sex stuff. But I found that I wanted to make a book that was helpful and accessible to a really wide, diverse audience, and I really succeeded. It's a beautiful book from a great big publisher, Penguin, and there's even red glitter on the cover.

OOB: Could you speak a bit about how sex changes as women age?

AS: Generally, biologically our libidos decrease, but the awareness, knowledge, sensitivity, wisdom, and depth grow, so it's not like we lose something. We also know our bodies much better and become a lot more orgasmic. Some people stop having as much sex or lose interest in it when they get older. But if you believe that sex is important in your life, you just start; you make it happen. Once you start the stimulation, the arousal part works better than ever as we get older. So start kissing, breathing, undulating, humping, fucking, licking, whatever you like; you get that going, and the arousal will come—pun intended.

I'm fifty, and I'm having the best sex ever.

OOB: How do you identify your sexual orientation?

AS: I was really into men in my late teens and my twenties. I would have sex with women in movies or in prostitution, and it was basically fun. I liked the soft, physical aspect of the sex, but my heart wasn't in it. But I wasn't with real lesbians. It was mostly "lesbian sex" with heterosexual women, which just doesn't compare. Unless you're one of those lesbians that likes straight women, which I wasn't. Around the age of 34, I fell in love with a woman, and at the same time met a real lesbian, Tracy, who was very hot. I had a phase of considering myself bisexual; then I went through my lesbian separatist phase, where I didn't like men much for a couple years. I've been with transgendered lovers as well, both FTM and MTF. They're so sexy. Now I'd have to say, I'm lesbian, but I can pass as bi, because I don't like excluding any nice folks from my life. I'm extremely proud to be a lesbian. I sometimes call myself metamorphosexual, which means always in a state of change and open to all possibilities. But I am madly in love with a woman, with Beth, and so far we are monogamous, more or less.

OOB: You've worked with *On Our Backs* as a model, photographer, writer...

AS: *On Our Backs* was pivotal to me becoming a lesbian because they sent Tracy Mostovoy over to photograph me; I was just becoming interested in women—this is before I did my film *Sluts and Goddesses* which was my first all-women project—and she photographed me for the cover. At the end of the shoot, we had what was my first really hot, real lesbian sex. She was a phenomenal, hot, skilled lesbian lover. I can thank *On Our Backs* for teaching me about how fabulous lesbian sex can be.

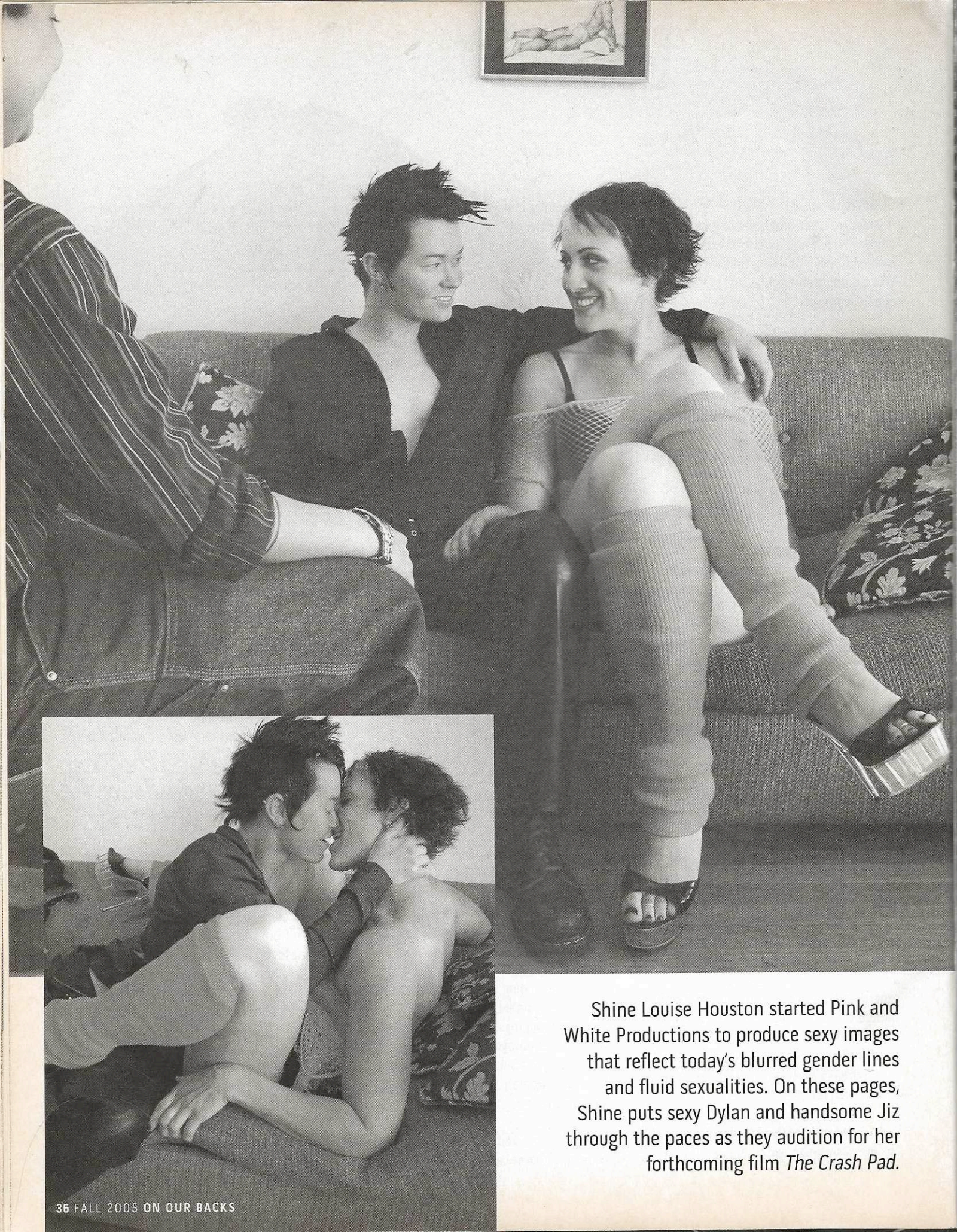
OOB: Speaking of photography, what kind of porn would you like to see in the future?

AS: I like seeing older women. I am over seeing very pretty young women, because that's virtually all there's been for years. Older women are really hot. I like the diversity of women, not just what society traditionally considers sexy. I want to see women in wheelchairs, pregnant women, women of all colors, shapes, sizes, hair styles, fashions, as well as personas. And above all, more butch and androgynous women.

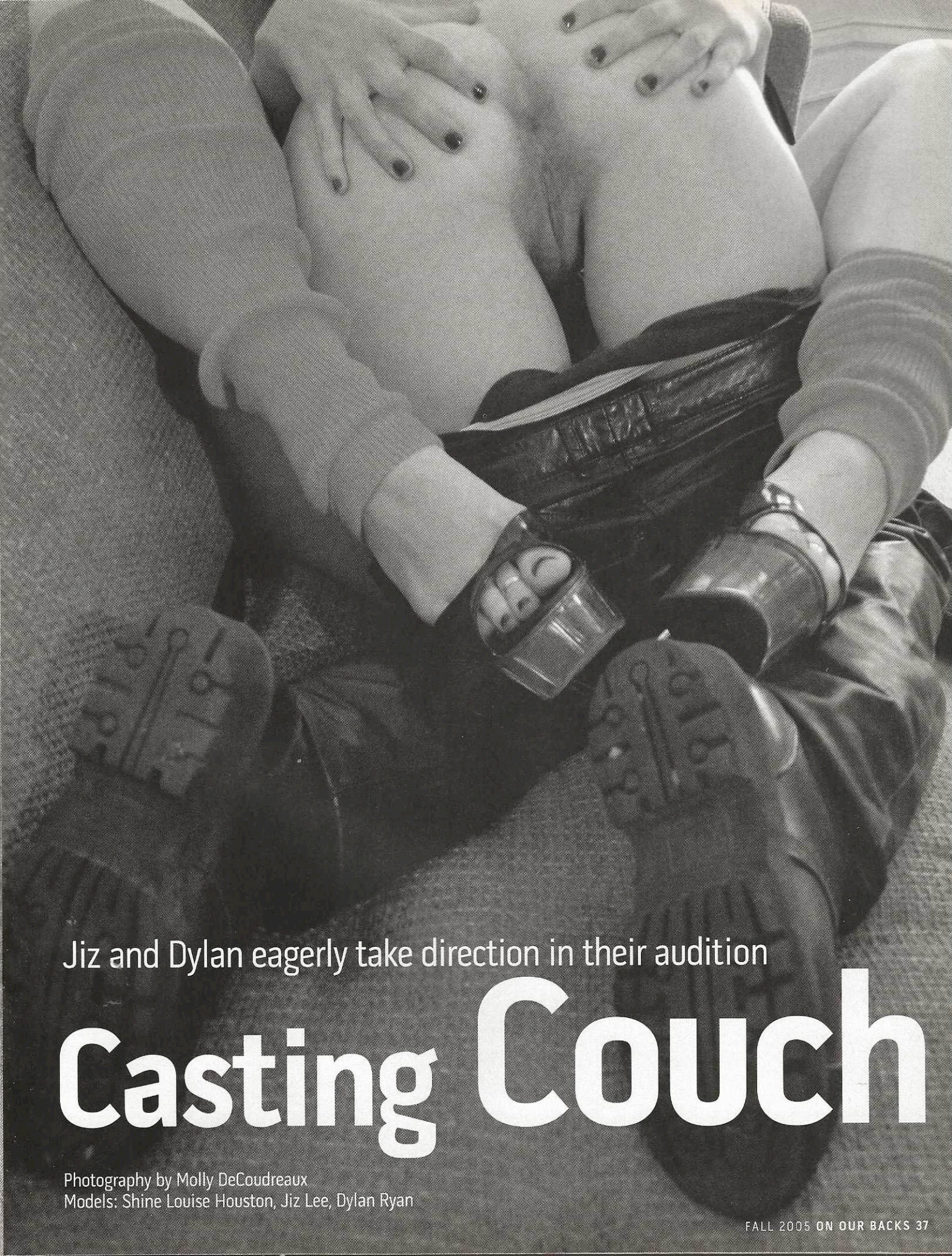
OOB: Any final thoughts?

AS: When it comes to sex, the more you can learn about it the better. If you want to be a great chef, you go to cooking school and learn from the masters. If you want to be a great lover, learn from the masters. Our society needs one big sex-life makeover, and I'm here to help, with my new book, which is a creative new kind of sex education. Get a sex life makeover, in fourteen fun, easy steps. I want everyone to walk away from my book with the ability to have deeply satisfying, spectacular sex. OOB

For more about Annie and Beth go to www.loveartlab.org and www.anniesprinkle.org.



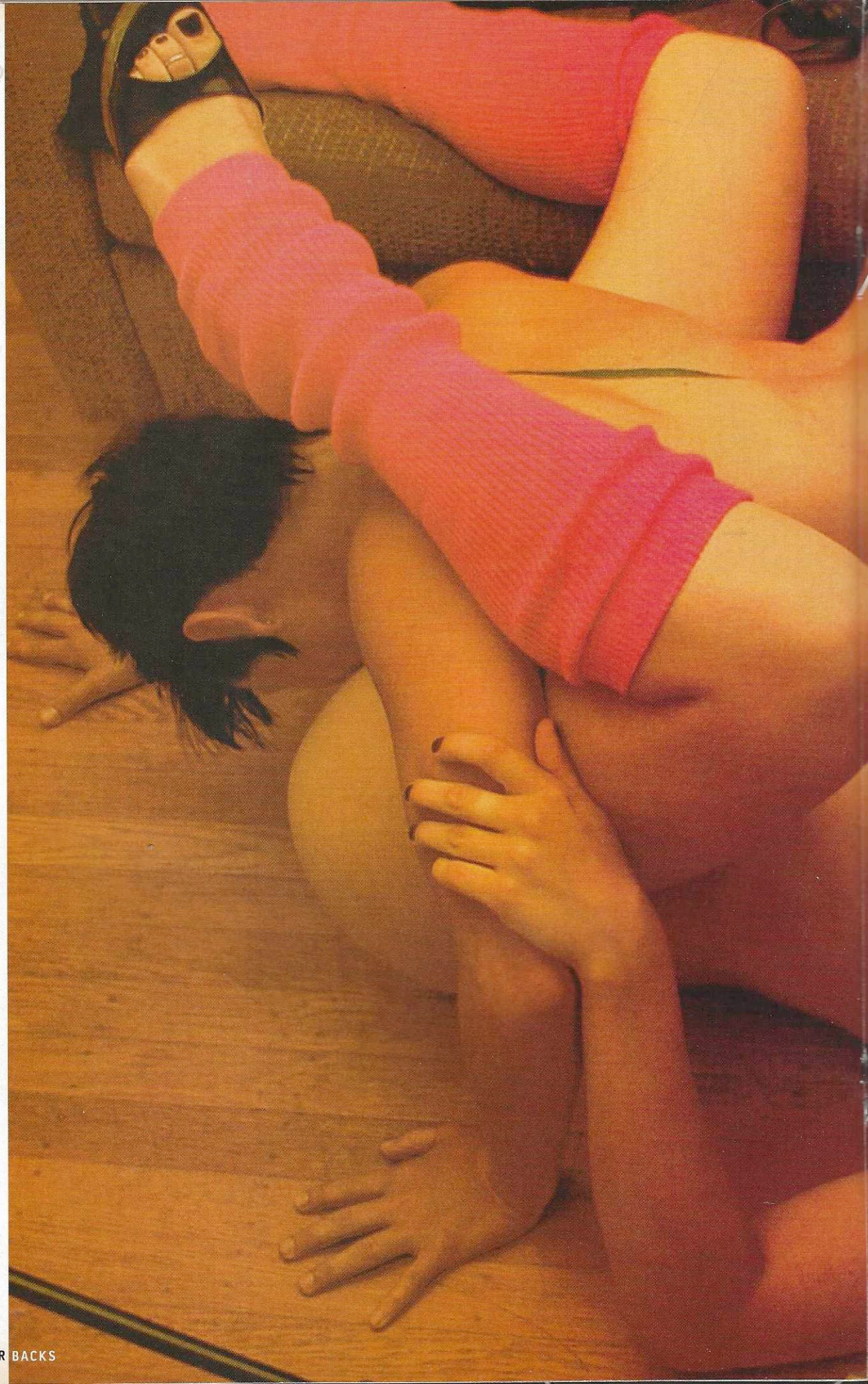
Shine Louise Houston started Pink and White Productions to produce sexy images that reflect today's blurred gender lines and fluid sexualities. On these pages, Shine puts sexy Dylan and handsome Jiz through the paces as they audition for her forthcoming film *The Crash Pad.*



Jiz and Dylan eagerly take direction in their audition

Casting Couch

Photography by Molly DeCoudreaux
Models: Shine Louise Houston, Jiz Lee, Dylan Ryan



Barbara DeGenevieve

Lenn Keller

Nan Kinney

Phyllis Christopher

Jackie Strano

Cinematic Sex Ed

Dyke filmmakers discuss their roles in educating (and entertaining) lesbians about sex and desire.

Moderated by Laurie Koh

Some of the most provocative, explicit, and informative images of lesbian sex and desire we have are emblazoned on the reels of film and video produced by dyke filmmakers, because nothing fails to reach out and grab you like moving footage of the real thing. The porn industry is almost as old as the film industry itself, but until *On Our Backs* magazine co-founders Nan Kinney and Debi Sundahl began making explicit films for dykes in 1985, there was little in the way of lesbian-produced erotica for us. That original venture turned into Kinney's Fatale Media which continues to thrive in Santa Fe. Brave pioneers followed like www.ssspread.com's Barbara DeGenevieve, a Chicago-based photography professor, filmmaker, and multimedia artist who was cofounder and content provider for the influential porn site. She has collaborated with Fatale on projects like *Full Load: Scenes from Ssspread.com*. Partners and filmmaking duo Jackie Strano and Shar Rednour (who also worked with Fatale on *Bend Over Boyfriend #1*), emerged in the late nineties in San Francisco with S.I.R. Productions, producing sizzling hits like *Sugar High, Glitter City* as well as vital educational films like their latest, *Healing Sex*, to help survivors of sexual trauma. The Bay Area's Lenn Keller represents a new generation of filmmakers (others include Oriana Bolden and Lily J. Pullappally) picking up the camera to continue to expand our knowledge of sex and desire. Keller is in production on her first feature-length documentary, *Desire: Exploring Butch/Femme*. *On Our Backs* spoke with Kinney, Strano, DeGenevieve, and Keller to discuss the ways in which film and carnal knowledge intersect.

"Making films was a response to not seeing hot butch-femme dyke sex with screen-melting chemistry, good production values, and rocking music."

OOB: What's the first film that taught you something about sex?

Jackie Strano: James Bond movies—I was very excited by Ursula Andress at a young age. Nan Kinney: I remember my first porno, *Behind the Green Door*. I was at a party at a friend's house, in the days before VCR's, and he screened it on a wall. I was completely blown away and turned on. I was with this girl on a first date, and it was an awesome experience.

Barbara DeGenevieve: *Deep Throat*.

Lenn Keller: *Pillow Talk* with Doris Day and Rock Hudson. I was around seven years old. It was one of my early exposures to heterosexist sexual dynamics, and it made me acutely aware of the compelling energy of sex in general. I can remember the Doris Day character's very feminine seductive quality and feeling very sexual afterward—feeling slightly guilty about that, and being aware that it would be a good idea to keep to myself the thoughts and feelings it inspired.

OOB: Why did you initially decide to start making films?

Kinney: When we started *On Our Backs* magazine in 1984, the lesbian community was going through a short but very intense period of anti-porn and, essentially, anti-sex thinking. Lesbians were having very egalitarian side-by-side sex. It was very limiting, especially to those of us who had come out in the seventies where you could do just about whatever you wanted. In 1985 we started making films. Our first release, *Private Pleasures and Shadows*, was SM. Part of what we were doing was showing the most extreme stuff that we could show. It wasn't this mainstream two femmes kissing thing. It was a butch-femme couple and not your nice, nice sex.

Strano: We wanted to see images that turned us on, and we had a mission as a company to not only entertain but to educate and enlighten. That's why we did the *Bend Over Boyfriend* series. Making films was also a response to not seeing hot butch-femme dyke sex with screen-melting chemistry, good production values, good lighting, and rocking music.

Keller: There were a number of things that I wanted to see onscreen that I wasn't seeing—authentic and more varied depictions of African Americans, women, and lesbians primarily, and just more authentic representations of people's circumstances and their subjective experiences. In mainstream depictions of women's sexuality, there was an overriding focus on sexist and misogynist male fantasy, and little power and agency in most female characters.

DeGenevieve: I'd been working with photography since 1977. My work was always related to sexuality in some way, and I had censorship problems. Over the years, my interest in "lens-related media" shifted to video's relationship to time, sound, and movement rather than photo's ability to only capture "a moment." Each has its own important qualities, but for me, video took on the ultimate ability to do everything I wanted to do with my ideas. I started working with video before I decided to make porn.

OOB: What is the most annoying thing to you about lesbian films made for straight audiences?

DeGenevieve: The most annoying thing is *how many* annoyingly boring tropes are used: the fake tits, long nails, thin bodies, long hair, no one "visually" over 30, the exaggerated and faked groans and sighs, ejaculation on the body or face. The unconvincing oral sex and its brief use as "foreplay" is laughable. I'm

not actually saying that straight porn can't be hot—but for the most part it is uninventive and boring.

Strano: The way the women fuck each other; it's almost like a science experiment—Jeanna Fine topping another woman is a beautiful thing but for the most part straight porn lacks intensity.

OOB: Jackie, your latest release, *Healing Sex*, breaks new ground by offering tips to survivors of sexual trauma about how they can heal and experience pleasure in sex. How did you decide on the film's mixed instructional, dramatic, and documentary format?

Strano: We wanted to showcase therapist Staci Haines and her approach to somatic body healing. We had a lot of information, and we wanted to stay true to her work and hold the bar up for her colleagues to answer to. We also wanted to show a timeline of folks on their path to recovery, so we mixed actors and scenarios with real live testimonials.

OOB: How did making films contribute to your own carnal knowledge?

DeGenevieve: We each have our own sexual proclivities and fetishes, but watching other people perform theirs has added a few to my list. I've also learned a lot about what the body can do and endure. More than anything, my knowledge of the trans body, both FTM and MTF, has increased. It has been an education and re-education in gender and sexuality for me.

Kinney: I was in *Clips;* I wanted to know what it was like to perform, so I could comfortably ask people to perform for me. It was somewhat of an education for me, being in front of the camera. My exhibitionistic side definitely got a workout. And I learned a lot from all the beautiful performers who were so brave, courageous, and generous in sharing their sexuality with us.

Strano: Well, it is a safe, fun way to explore non-monogamy, but seriously I learned a tremendous amount about male sexuality while making the *Bend Over Boyfriend* series.

OOB: Do you see yourself as an educator?

Strano: Yes, but mostly I see myself as an entertainer.

DeGenevieve: Yes.

Kinney: When our first videos came out, people would write us and say, "Show me how this works. How do strap-ons work? How does fisting work?" So we did, but I didn't feel like I was the end all and be all authority. I said, "Here's one possibility. Here's how some people are doing it." I'm a pornographer, and I put images out there that people want to see, so maybe I'm an educator by default.

OOB: Our community as a whole seems to be exploring gender. How do your films contribute to the dialogue around gender in our cultural landscape?

DeGenevieve: Films visualize very directly the enormous range of gendered identities and sexual behavior that can no longer have a specific gender attached to them. Queer porn, perhaps more than any other genre, has undermined sex and gender binaries and has complicated the feminist critique of power relations and victimization.

Kinney: Putting out images of yourself wherever you are on the gender line is definitely contributing to the dialogue. I think movies can almost be more influential than writing because there it is: "This is what it's like. This is how I have sex. What I look like." There's no guessing.

Strano: I enjoy everything, but what puts me off is when folks take a blaming tone and victim-like mentality in their art. I much prefer provoking images without the dogma to follow. As a butch dyke, I have had my share of gender play on the streets and in the sheets, and I am having a great time watching the young ones come up and play with roles and deconstruct stuff even further. As long as you are *not* misogynistic in your identity politics, I am fully supportive of exploring the spectrum. As a mother, an aunt, and a sister, I don't like it when I hear everything male being celebrated and everything female being dismissed or diminished. I have lived with both sides in my body and in my head, and they are always in constant dialogue.

OOB: Lenn, can you talk about why you decided to make a documentary about butch/femme desire?

Keller: After coming out for a second time by claiming a butch identity—more than twenty years after my first coming out—that I had denied myself the first time around because I thought it was in conflict with my feminist politics, I realized that I had been mistaken in my conceptions about what being butch was. I had not had the permission or safety within the lesbian feminist community that I came out in to fully contemplate issues around gender identities and dynamics, because butch and femme had been deemed only an imitation of heterosexist gender roles and dynamics. For the most part, both the lesbian and trans communities still do not have an understanding of the subversive

"Both the lesbian and trans communities still do not have an understanding of the subversive potential of butch and femme identities and dynamics to disrupt and challenge patriarchal concepts of women, masculinity, and femininity."

potential of butch and femme identities and dynamics to disrupt and challenge patriarchal concepts of women, masculinity, and femininity. This has not been discussed or depicted in a film in a way that presents it authentically and goes beyond the common stereotypes that most people hold, and assists them in understanding the identities and what the desire/dynamic is all about—essentially a metaphysical and universal dynamic of complementary or yin/yang sexual energies.

OOB: What are your thoughts about the evolution of what has been okay and not been okay to see on film?

Strano: Well, you can show a gang rape, you can show a woman being mutilated, strangled, beaten, killed, etc., but god forbid you show her being fucked, and she is having a screaming orgasm and telling you not to stop...oh wait a minute, you can see that in one of our movies! Seriously though I can't hang with gratuitous violence especially against women. As for the porn world, seems that fisting is getting a showcase which is great. That used to be taboo on screen; and now it seems that every porn has to have an anal scene where before that was very rare.

OOB: What do you want our readers to know about your films?

Strano: Forget that they have done the gay film festival circuit nationally and internationally and that they have won awards and been on bestseller lists; the main thing is that we put our heart and soul in them, and I am damn proud to have been a dyke porn star at the age of thirty-five when we made *Hard Love* and *How to Fuck in High Heels.*

Kinney: Our films are made with the *On Our Backs* reader in mind. That is what we're all about. Hopefully they will find something in our films that they can get off on. And they might, perhaps, see themselves in our films.

Keller: My films aspire to chart new territory in depicting the spectrum of lesbians, in sexuality, culture, and character types portrayed.

OOB: What forthcoming work can we look forward to?

Kinney: I picked up distribution on a fantastic film by a girl in Chicago who did a lesbian sci-fi porno called *Dominatrix Waitrix*. It's out now. I absolutely adore it.

Keller: I am continuing my work on a feature length documentary (working title: *Desire: Exploring Butch/Femme*) about butch and femme identities and dynamics. I hope to complete the film by early 2006.

DeGenevieve: Editing more of the 150 scenes I shot before sssprеad.com closed.

Strano: We will soon be pitching an idea to some big producers; it is a show within a show and will be very sexy and very funny. That's all we can say for now. OOB

Queer Film Expert Jenni Olson Gives a Flash From the Past

Interviewed by Laurie Koh

Jenni Olson, queer film historian and filmmaker (most recently, *The Joy of Life*), discusses the history of lesbians and sex on the big screen.

How has lesbian sexuality been portrayed on film through the decades?

There have always been depictions of women being sexual together in pornography, but primarily these were intended for the titillation of heterosexual men. I have an archival porno loop in my collection from the forties that features extensive girl-on-girl action. It's called *No Help Needed.* It even has a dildo in it.

The sixties and seventies were the era of what I call Dykesploitation movies. It was extremely popular to make soft-core exploitation movies with lesbian plots. (Generally one of the women was predatory or a real lesbian, and the other was just curious. The real lesbian usually dies at the end.) These films included brief, very tame lesbian sex scenes.

In the seventies we also got our first depictions of lesbian-made lesbian sex movies—films like *Holding* by Constance Beeson and *Dyketactics* by Barbara Hammer. They seem somewhat clichéd today, but they're very important historically. The seventies were also the beginning of hardcore pornographic films and, of course, lesbian sex was a staple of that industry. I think my favorite lesbian sex scene would be from Radley Metzger's *Therese & Isabelle* (1968)—a really tremendous film all around.

In the eighties we got *Desert Hearts* and a notable film called *She Must Be Seeing Things* which really explored SM for the first time, along with *Seduction: The Cruel Woman* and *The Virgin Machine* (1991). Debi Sundahl and Nan Kinney pioneered things with Fatale Video. Debi's female ejaculation video was very illuminating for the lesbian nation and had a huge impact on what people were doing in bed in the early nineties. You gotta love all the stuff that Annie Sprinkle has done around lesbian and women's sexuality. But the best stuff I've seen recently would have to be Jackie and Shar's S.I.R. Video titles.

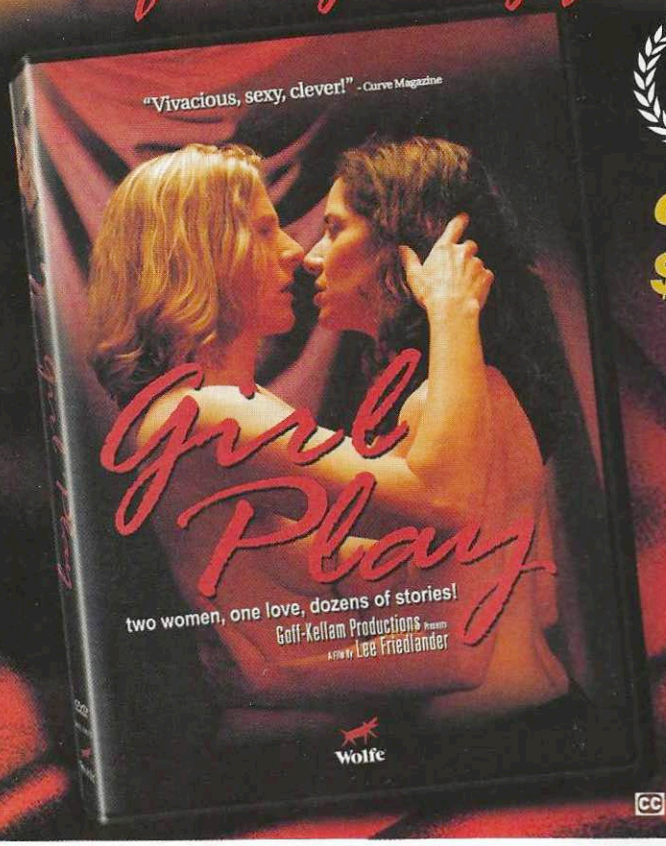
What are some of the myths and taboos surrounding lesbian sexuality that you see in early films?

That it's all about ambiguous rubbing and tickling, in films like *Personal Best* and *Lianna*!

Which filmmakers now and in the past do you feel have captured lesbian desire authentically?

Well, one always falls back on Donna Deitch's *Desert Hearts* as having a very hot love scene. I think Rose Troche and Guin Turner's *Go Fish* is still really enjoyable. Honestly, I also think *Bound* is really great even though it was directed by men (of course, Susie Bright was their lesbian sex advisor).

"A funny, sexy film" -Lavender Lens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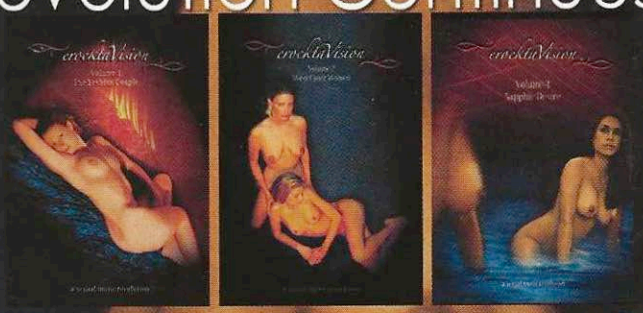


DANA DANE PRODUCTIONS

Researching the Stone

New studies reveal some surprising facts about women's anatomy, desire, and even the dangers of faking it.

by Rebecca Chalker

Knowledge, they say, is power. That being the case, then, is it possible that *carnal knowledge*, information about the anatomy and physiology of sex, translates into *erotic* power?

After years of little interest in women's sexuality, researchers have finally smelled the money and have started investigating some of the mysteries of women's sexuality, including: How big is the clitoris anyway? Does size matter? Why can women have multiple orgasms when most men cannot? How do you know if you've really had an orgasm? How many is too many? Is there a cure for lost libido? Recent research suggests some answers to these questions.

Calling All Size Queens

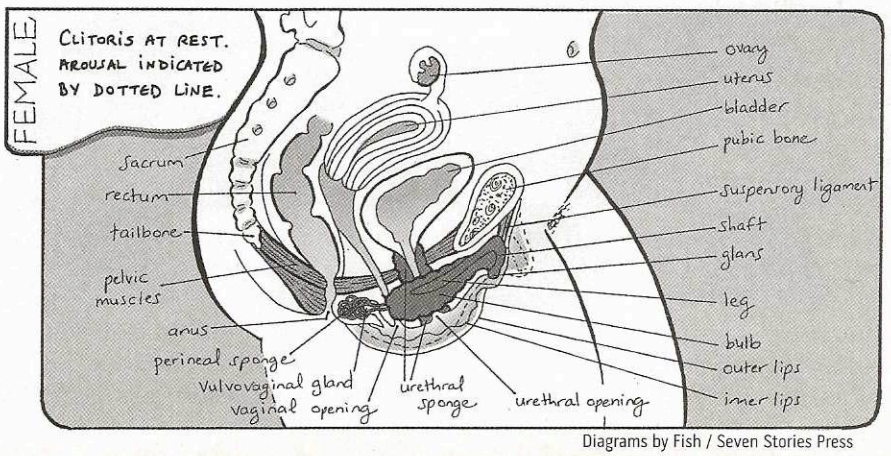
Until recently, the pea-sized nubbin nestled underneath the folds of the vulva was labeled in illustrations as the "clitoris" in both sex advice books and medical texts. But after the explosion of activism in the 1970s, when women began exploring and defining sex for themselves, we found out otherwise. Thanks to the classic women's health guide, *A New View of a Woman's Body* (which I edited for the California-based Feminist Women's Health Centers), we discovered what many of us intuitively knew all along: that the clitoris is far more than just that sensitive little bud, called the *glans*, with its 8,000 or so excitable nerve endings. Rather, the clitoris is a complex, powerful organ system that can stand up to the penis any day.

Medical research is finally catching up with feminist intuition. In 1998, Australian researchers examined the genital tissue of female cadavers and noted that there is more to the clitoris than previously acknowledged. More recently, they examined the clitoris in live, healthy volunteers, using magnetic resonance imaging (MRI). These images confirmed what *A New View* reported twenty-five years ago: extensive bodies of spongy erectile tissue surround the urethra and vagina which expand significantly during sex. These expandable parts are similar to the ones in the penis that cause erections. In addition to erectile tissue, the clitoris also includes glands (for ejaculation and lubrication), nerves (for passing sensory signals between the brain and the clitoris), blood vessels (for infusing the clitoris with blood and emptying it at orgasm), and muscles (for the pleasurable contractions of orgasm).

Of course, the Aussie doctors were primarily interested in mapping the clitoris for surgical purposes, not for exploring its erotic possibilities. But that isn't a bad thing. If surgeons knew what kind of tissue they were cutting into during genital surgery or childbirth, perhaps they would be more careful with their knives. Maybe they will develop nerve-sparing techniques for hysterectomies and other pelvic surgeries, like they did for prostate surgery. And perhaps they will be more reluctant to "fix" the genitals of babies born with intersex conditions, i.e., with genitals that don't look like textbook illustrations.

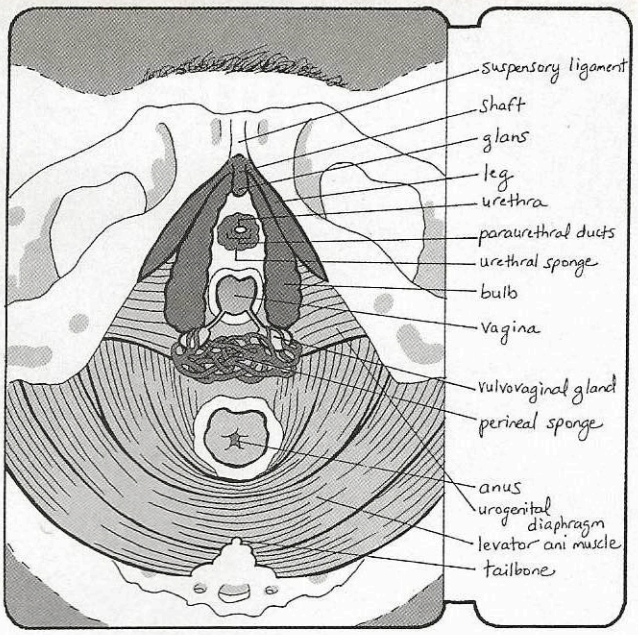
So what are the erotic possibilities if the clitoris is more than was previously thought? For one, we can see—at last—how orgasms occur. During sex, the brain stimulates the production of sexy hormones that cause blood to rush to the pelvis. As sexual stimulation progresses, the spongy tissues of the clitoris fill with blood, causing erection. When engorged with blood, all parts of the clitoris are more sensitive to pressure, touch, and vibration. The nerves deliver impulses that cause the muscles that surround the clitoris and vagina to contract tighter and tighter, until they can't contract anymore, and spasm, resulting in the rhythmic contractions of orgasm.

By looking at detailed illustrations of the clitoris, you can see where various parts are located and, hence, where to apply stimulation. You can actually see where the G spot is located; it is not in the vagina but in the spongy erectile tissue surrounding the urethra, called the *urethral sponge*. The confusion lies in the fact that you can feel the urethral sponge through the thin vaginal wall. This is the source of female



Diagrams by Fish / Seven Stories Press

Illustration by Pat Tong



ejaculation: several dozen glands buried in the urethral sponge that empty through little openings on either side of the urethral opening. In short, you can actually see what's happening during sex!

How Many Is Enough?

Speaking of orgasms, research by Italian gynecologists has provided a possible explanation of why women can have multiple orgasms and why most men can't. In men, the powerful contractions of orgasm force most of the blood out of the penis through specially designed veins, and it usually takes a few hours for recovery of orgasmic capability. These researchers discovered that the vein structure in women is different, and that all of the blood is not forced out during orgasmic spasms. If stimulation continues, within a half minute or less the clitoral tissues can refill with blood, and the stage is set for another orgasm, and another, and another. How many? Scattered bits of research suggest that the number of orgasms a woman can have is determined by physical stamina, continued stimulation, and how many she can stand. Well over one hundred in a single masturbatory session have been reported!

If it is so easy, why don't all women have multiple orgasms? Theoretically, all women have the potential to have more than one, and many discover this ability on their own through masturbation or with a skilled and caring partner. Others teach themselves after reading books or by watching videos promoting self-discovery. Because women's sexuality has been defined through male standards for so long, the single orgasm has been considered the norm for women, too, and frankly, we just forgot to explore other possibilities. Just the knowledge that multiple orgasm is normal for women can help us discover and deepen our erotic power.

Of course all women don't have orgasms reliably, and some have them rarely, if at all. Is something wrong with these women? Is their anatomy different than that of her orgasmic sisters? No! Allowing for some variation in size, we all have the same anatomy, arranged in the same way, and are capable of doing the same thing. What is not equal is the psychosocial part of sex: the skill, patience, and interest of our partners; positive or negative early sexual experiences, i.e., fear or disgust instilled by sexual abuse; the sexual attitudes of our peer group; individual interest in exploring and enhancing sexuality; and lack of knowledge about our bodies. The good news is that carnal knowledge can enhance our erotic experiences.

Benefits of Not Faking

Whether or not you saw Meg Ryan's performance in a busy New York deli in *When Harry Met Sally*, you know that many women, at one time or another, fake orgasm, whether to please her partner or just to get some sleep. As long as the faking is successful, we don't think much about the physical implications of faking orgasm.

Using MRI technology, British researchers observed the brain waves of women during sex and found a distinctive difference in the brain activity of women who have orgasms and those who fake it. In women who had orgasms, activity in the amygdala, the area of the brain responsible for fear and anxiety, was mostly shut down. In women who faked it, the part of the brain that controls conscious action, the cerebral cortex, remained active, as it would during normal activities. The fear/anxiety response remained active as well. It appears that suppressing fear and anxiety responses allows women to "let go" and experience the delicious benefits of orgasm. These differences, the researchers say, were striking and unexpected but confirm that "letting go" is a normal part of the orgasmic experience.

All of the women responding to a *Glamour* magazine poll acknowledged faking orgasm at least occasionally, and a majority acknowledged doing so quite frequently. Why fake at all? Some women fear letting go during sex because they fear the unknown, or fear they will do something embarrassing like scream too loud, wet the bed, or hurt themselves or their partner. "Letting go" and suppressing the fear/anxiety response allows one to explore and, perhaps, cross over into the realm of orgasmic nirvana.

The Downside of Antidepressants

More than 300,000 prescriptions for antidepressants, especially the newer class of selective serotonin-reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs), are written in the U.S. each year. Most of the published studies, especially those done by the same companies that make these drugs, report low rates of so-called "sexual side effects," a coded term for drug-related sexual problems. These problems include depressed desire, total lack of interest in sex, and delayed orgasm. It has long been rumored that the incidence of these problems is far higher than has been acknowledged. One U.S. study found that 70 percent of people taking antidepressants experienced lower interest in sex or loss of desire altogether. Another found an even higher rate of depressed or absent desire: 83 percent!

When patients complain about these problems, many doctors simply prescribe another medication to counter the effect. Some form of hormone replacement and testosterone patches are commonly recommended. Viagra was also prescribed, until its study in women was abruptly halted by the manufacturer, Pfizer, because no positive effect was found.

Instead of taking additional drugs, there are some alternative strategies available. Try taking a lower dose of the antidepressant and see if you get the same therapeutic benefit, as well as reduced side effects. If this doesn't work, you might try taking a "drug holiday" on the weekend. Or switch to a different medication, and see if you get a better result. Some people with mild to moderate depression discontinue the drug

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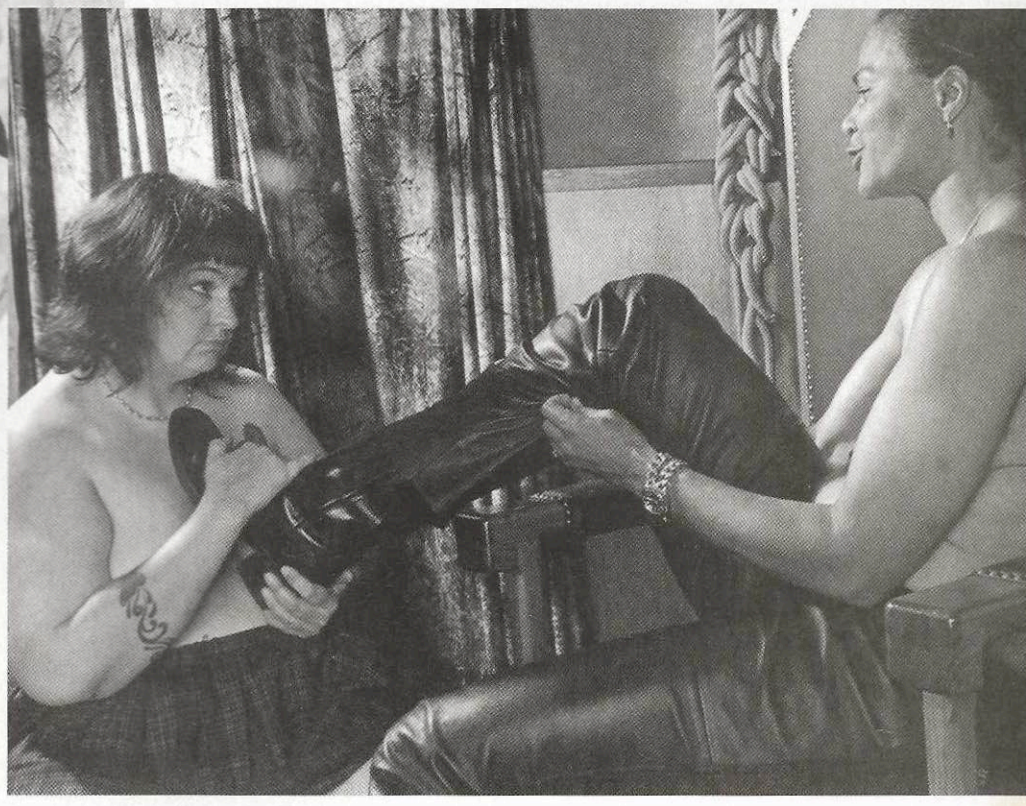
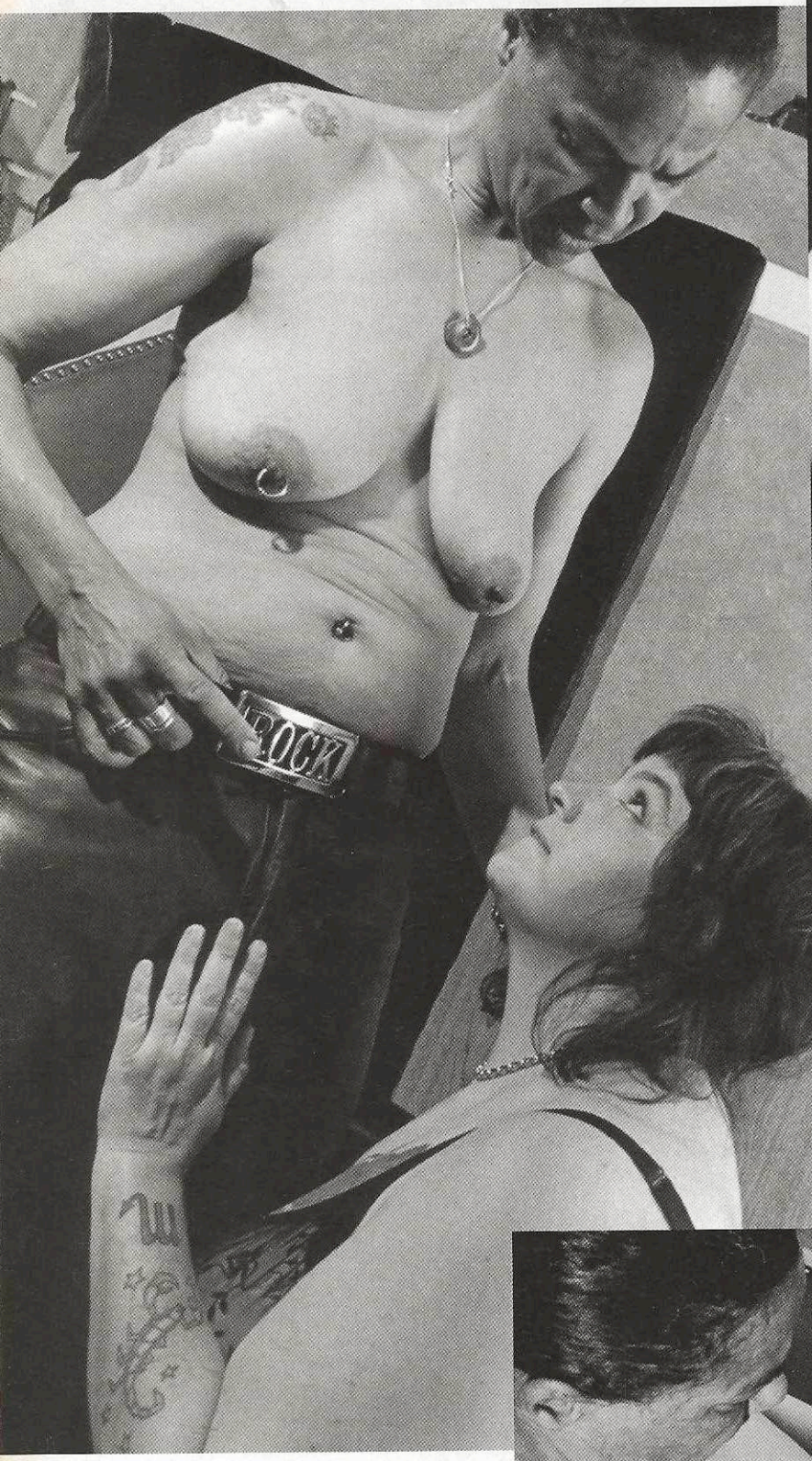
Rock shows Jill the ropes

Daddy/Girl Training Now in Session

Jill was so happy to find a new Daddy and was anxious to learn how to please him. Rock found his girl a quick study and showed Jill just how much he appreciated her hard work.

Photography by Brett Fisher
Models: Rock and Jill

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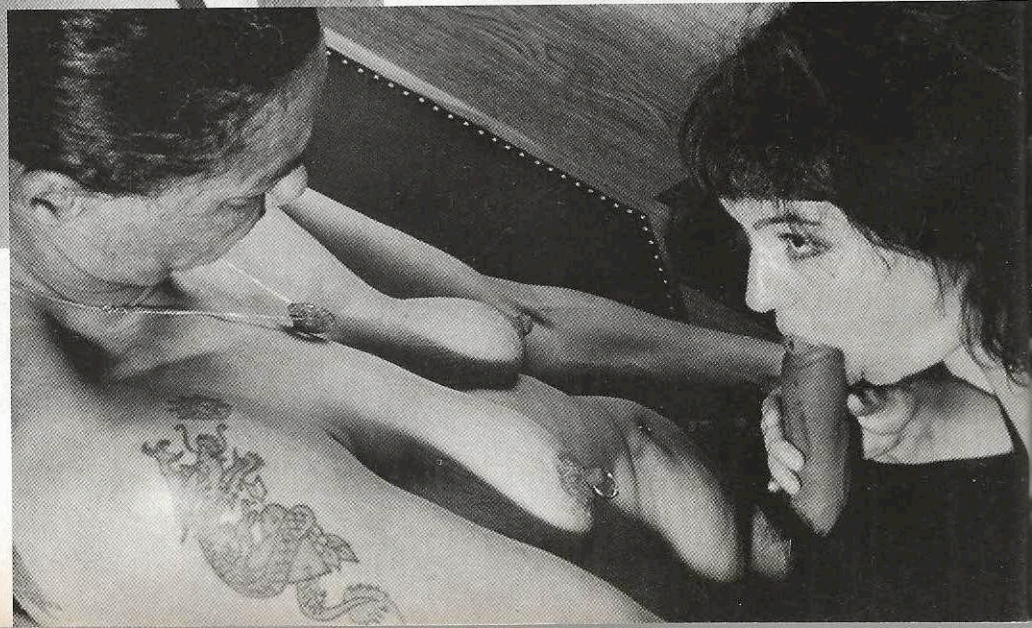


Hitting the Showers

I had just moved to San Francisco two weeks before, but I had already joined a gym—a women's gym, in fact. "Those all-girl gyms are crawling with hot babes," my friend Becky had advised me. I had left Chicago after a bad breakup; I wanted to start fresh, and even though my heart was still a little tender, I was ready to find someone new, someone who wouldn't be so obsessed with settling down. Someone who wouldn't want to just snuggle all the time and not get down and dirty. Someone who wouldn't call me at work ten times a day or wonder where I was every second—which was exactly the kind of person my ex Rachel was.

So there I was on the treadmill, just minding my own business, jogging along to the Bronski Beat tune on my iPod, when I caught the eye of the most delicious butch woman I'd ever laid eyes on. She was in her mid-twenties like me, with closely cropped brown hair, pale skin, and sparkling green eyes. She had a swimmer's body, lithe but muscular, and was wearing a white tank top and baggy boxers. A snake tattoo wrapped around her tight bicep.

I swear to God I couldn't take my eyes off her, which I guess she picked up on, since she ended her bout with the free weights and ambled over in my direction. "I'm Chris," she said, extending her hand.

I took my headphones off but still kept my pace on the treadmill. I couldn't believe she was being so bold. I would never have had the guts just to walk right up to a woman like that and introduce myself. Still, I went along with it—she was totally hot! "Hi, I'm Anna," I said, and her handshake was firm, her palm warm.

"You're new here, aren't you?" She smiled as she said this.

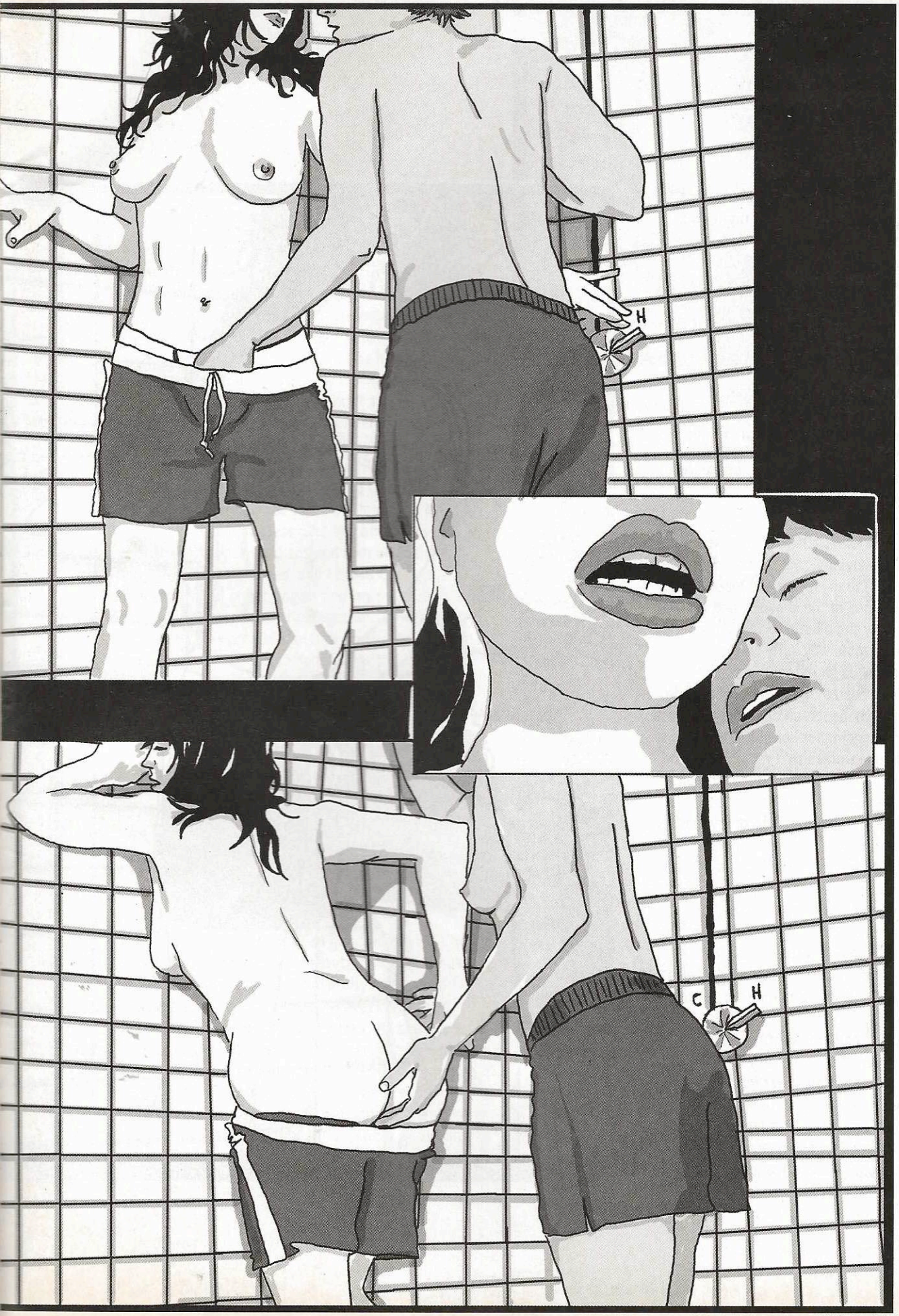
"Yeah, I just joined two weeks ago. I'm from Chicago."

"No kidding!" she grinned. "I'm from Milwaukee. Another Midwesterner."

Chris told me that she'd lived in San Francisco just about a year, that she was enrolled in the MA program, studying history, at SF State. I told her I was a graphic designer, but I didn't go into the whole breakup discussion, and I didn't tell her I hadn't found a job yet. What was the point? We learned, too, that we only lived about a mile from each other—but I neglected to mention that I was living with my friend Becky until I found a place of my own. Again, what was the point?

"Since you're new in town and all," Chris smiled, "would you like a tour guide? Or at least a date?" Wow. I'd only gone to this gym four or five times and already I was hooking up. I realized I should take Becky's advice more often.

Fiction by Anna Avila
Illustration by Laurenn McCubbin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"Yeah, a date," I grinned. "A date would be nice." "

We decided on dinner that Saturday night and exchanged numbers.

Chris went back to her free weights, but I decided I'd had enough of the treadmill for the day, so I went to the locker room to hit the showers. I was at my locker when I looked up and saw Chris standing right beside me smiling. "Hey, done already?" I asked her.

"Well, see, that's the thing," Chris began. "I thought maybe you'd like to get to know me a little better a little sooner." She didn't need to explain what she meant. Still, I was stunned—and turned on—by her bold, cavalier approach.

"You mean, right here?" My eyes grew wide.

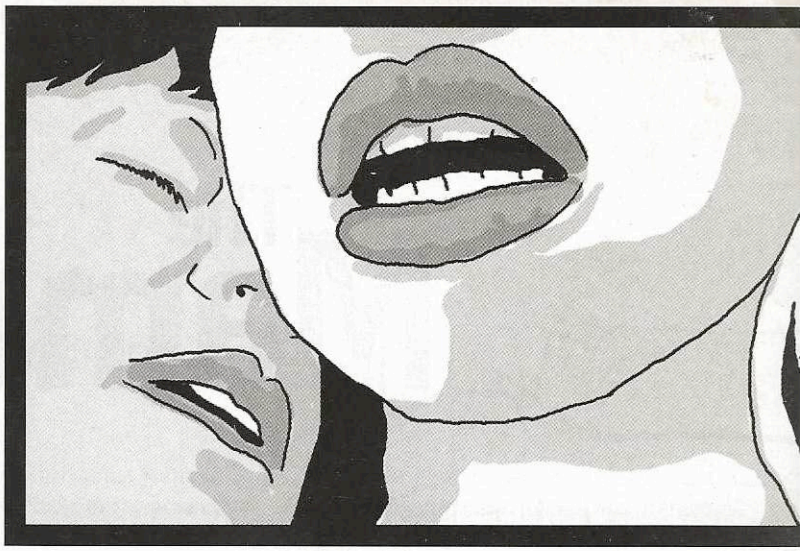
"I know where we can get a little privacy." She pointed toward the shower stalls. The expression on her face was nearly lascivious.

I crammed my stuff in my locker and locked the door. Chris led me to one of the showers, and we both entered and drew the plastic curtain closed. Thankfully, the locker room was fairly empty, so I don't think anyone saw us go in together.

Immediately Chris peeled off my sweaty tank top and sports bra. She swooped in on one of my nipples, which was hard and begging for her hot mouth. Without any words, she worked that nipple good and hard, taking it into her wet mouth and feasting on it, licking it all over, making little slurping noises. Just then she pulled back and grabbed both of my breasts in her hands, kneading them like bread dough. She gazed straight into my eyes, and the look on her face was like that of an artist concentrating on her work, admiring its beauty and form. She continued to caress and massage my breasts as she leaned in and kissed me hard on the mouth. She was full of urgency, of lustful need, and I was obliging her with no qualms. "You're so fucking hot," she said between kisses. "So fucking hot."

Her tongue was forceful and wanting, and I opened my mouth even wider to let it in. She ran it over my lips, my tongue, bit my lower lip playfully.

I helped her out of her top, glad to see no bra, then grabbed both of her small, firm breasts in my hands. Her nipples were dark brown and very hard and erect. I pinched one of them, teased it with my



fingers, and she cried out softly before I licked and sucked it. Then she rammed her hand down my sweat-drenched shorts, teased my clit through my underwear. It was hard for me to tell how wet I was, because I was so sweaty. I remember a definite sweet odor in the air of sweat and cum and saliva, though. The air was tinged a little with chlorine, which wafted in from the pool that was next to the locker room.

Through my underwear, I felt Chris locate my clit and tease it with her fingers. My clit was throbbing now, so much that I couldn't stand it anymore, and I grabbed her hand and shoved it under my panties. She rubbed my drenched pussy—up and down, up and down. Over my shorts I positioned her hand so that it was right on my clit and moved her hand in circles. As she continued to work my red-hot clit, I looked at her body: sculpted, tan, and hairless. She was absolutely gorgeous, with rock-hard abs and firm biceps. "Yeah, baby, like that," I groaned, and I heard the light smacking sound of her fingers and my pussy juice and my clit all moving in rhythm together. "Faster, faster," I said as softly as possible, so that no one would come in and bust us. But it was so hard for me to keep quiet...

Just then, Chris yanked down my shorts and underwear and turned me around so that I was facing the shower wall. I knew where this was going, and I was thrilled: She was going to fuck me from behind. I braced my hands against the wall and stuck my ass out toward her. She grabbed my left thigh and slowly put what felt like two fingers inside me. I felt my cunt walls expand and then contract around her fingers, and I heard a slurping sound as she fucked me hard and fast. Her left hand moved up to my ass, squeezed it then slapped it lightly. "Yeah, that's it. Oh, my god," I told her.

"You're so wet. You feel so good, like silk," Chris responded. She moved her mouth down to my ass and nibbled and kissed it forcefully as she slid her fingers back and forth. I looked over my shoulder and saw her get down on her knees. As she kept finger-fucking me harder and faster, she buried her face into my ass and started to lick my asshole. I'd never had a woman do that to me before, but I eagerly welcomed her warm, wet tongue there. My entire body was electrified, and I swear I saw tiny stars before my eyes. Just then, I guess she located my G spot, because I felt like I was going insane. Blood filled my hard clit, my entire cunt, and my fingers and toes were tingling. Chris massaged my G spot forcefully. "I wish I had my dick with me," she said. "I'm not properly equipped."

I could only grunt in response. But then I mustered up some words: "Right there. Please. Keep doing that."

My hole was gushing now, and I kept hearing those wet smacking noises—which turned me on uncontrollably for some reason—and felt Chris's strong hand grip one of my ass cheeks. Just then, she brought me over the edge, which was like wave after wave hitting a sun-drenched shore. Hot ripples coursed through my body, and my cunt was pounding in a combination of exquisite torture and pleasure. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," I moaned, and my entire body shook with release.

Just then Chris slowly pulled out her fingers, stood up, and turned me around. I grabbed her sweaty head and pulled it toward mine, ran my fingers through her wet, dark hair, and kissed her passionately. I kissed her neck, her beautiful collarbone, placed tiny sweet kisses on her forehead and the bridge of her nose.

"So about that date..." I laughed.

"Are we still on?" Chris smiled as she took my breasts in her hands again.

"Yeah, but instead of going out to dinner, let's eat in."

"My place?"

"Exactly what I had in mind," I said with a devilish gleam in my eye.

And that's just where we went. OOB

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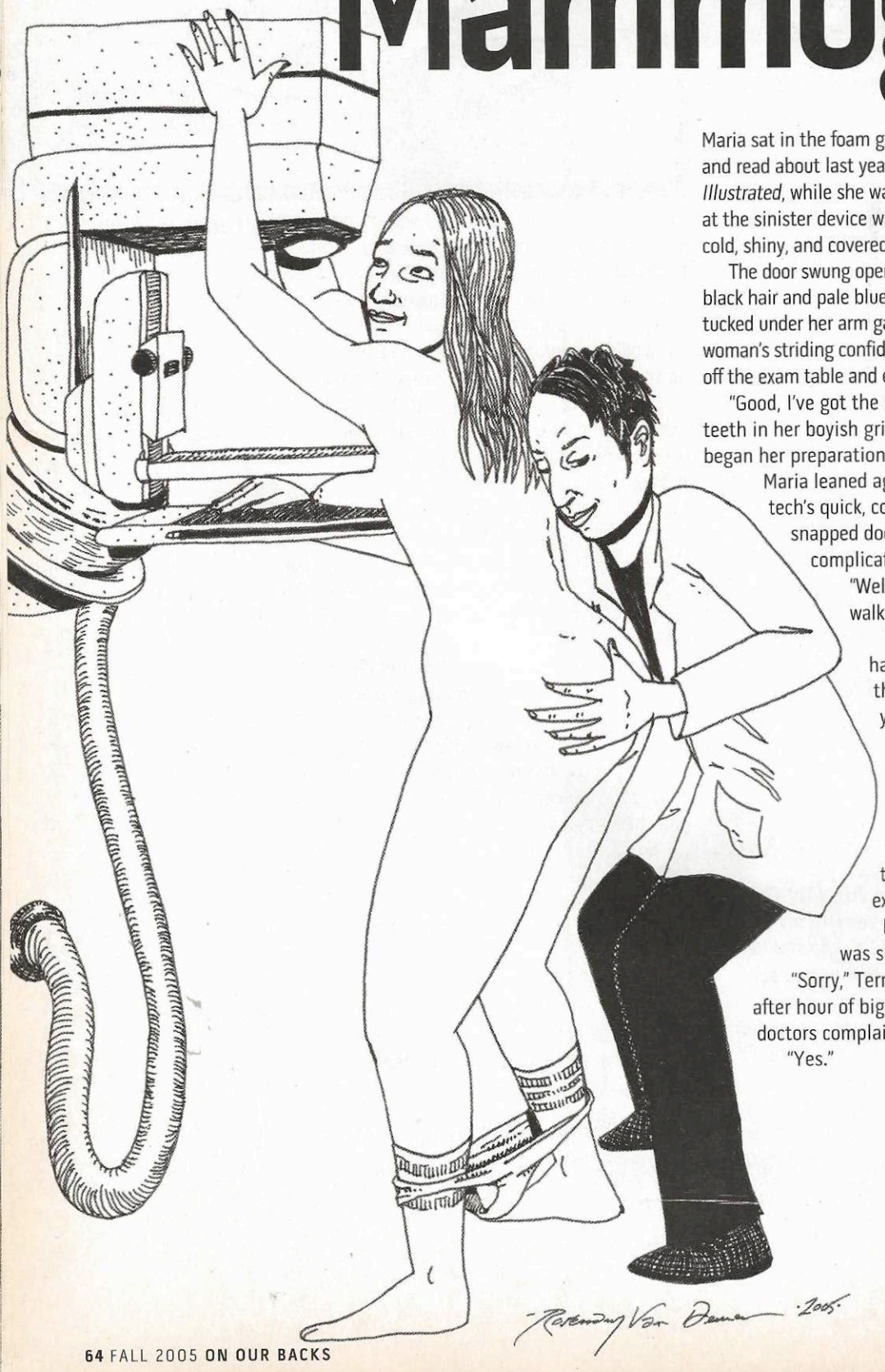
The Mammogram



Maria sat in the foam green office, in her foam green paper smock, and read about last year's Super Bowl in a dog-eared *Sports Illustrated*, while she waited for the radiation technician. She glared at the sinister device waiting menacingly in the center of the room, cold, shiny, and covered with clamps and handles.

The door swung open, and a tall, handsome woman with short black hair and pale blue eyes entered the room. The x-ray frames tucked under her arm gave her away as the radiation tech. The woman's striding confidence caught Maria's attention. She hopped off the exam table and extended her hand. "Hi, I'm Maria."

"Good, I've got the right room." There was a flash of white teeth in her boyish grin. "I'm Terry." She shook Maria's hand and began her preparations.

Maria leaned against the exam table and followed the tech's quick, competent movements with interest. Terry snapped doors open and adjusted dials. "It's all so complicated," Maria remarked.

"Well, we want to get the best shot we can." Terry walked over to Maria. "Please remove your gown."

Maria fumbled with the bow, but her long hair had become braided in the strings of the gown. She turned her back to Terry. "Do you mind? I'm tangled."

Terry's long fingers sent shivers down Maria's spine as they picked apart hair and string until, with a flourish, she yanked the bow free, and the gown hit the ground. Maria's nipples stood proud and tall upon their tiny mountaintops. "Fantastic!" Terry exclaimed.

Maria shot a dark look at the technician; was she making fun?

"Sorry," Terry said, "It's just that in my job, it's hour after hour of big, fat tits. Hard to get a good picture. The doctors complain. But yours are perfect. Do you work out?"

"Yes."

Fiction by J.C. Porter
Illustration by Rosemary VanDeuren

"I can tell; everything's tight. You've got a smokin' body."

"Thank you." Maria felt a blush rush to her cheeks.

"Okay, now if you will step up to the rack here." Terry had the target plates open, like big vise jaws.

Maria stepped forward, but her breasts shrank in fear from the cold metal object.

"Lean in please. A little more. More. You know what, if you don't mind, let me position you myself." Terry stepped around behind Maria and pressed up against her torso. Maria could feel the ropy muscles of Terry's arms ensnare her, and the hot breath on her neck made her feel lightheaded. "There, see, from here I can make the adjustments perfectly. I need to raise this table..." She squatted down by Maria's round, bikini-covered ass to move some knobs. Maria self-consciously worried that the tech could feel the heat radiating from her pussy. Terry cranked a handle. The table raised up, lifting Maria's breast about half an inch. Terry stood up. "Perfect, see, now you don't have to hunch over."

The tech moved to the front again and dropped the plastic target down slowly. "I like the nipples to be pointing forward. They're good reference points." She slipped her index finger and thumb between the table and pinched and pulled the nipple in place. Maria exhaled sharply at the pain and the prick of pleasure that shot through her. "I'm sorry, did that hurt?"

"No, actually, it wasn't bad," Maria said throatily.

Terry flicked her finger across Maria's nipple and smiled wickedly at the groan that escaped Maria's lips. "An erect nipple pulls the flesh tight and gives me a better shot."

"The flesh is pulling tight in a couple of places," Maria retorted. The tech stepped behind a partition, and Maria heard a buzzing sound.

"One down," Terry said as she stepped back into the room. She loosened the clamps holding Maria's breast to the machine and stepped behind Maria. She pressed her pelvis into Maria's ass and grabbed her forearms, pulling them behind her back.

"What are you doing?" Maria demanded, caught off guard by the sudden roughness.

"Just positioning you for the right breast." Terry leaned against Maria, pushing her forcefully into the rack. Terry reached around with her left hand to pin Maria's right breast on the table, then used her right hand to bring the top down. This time she squeezed it very tight. Maria gave a cry. "What? Too tight?" Terry asked with mock concern.

Maria nodded. Her legs struggled to hold her up.

"Hmm." The tech moved around to the front. "Oh, this nipple is out of place." She loosened the clamps just enough to pull Maria's nipple; fresh blood pulsed into the breast, making her nipple pound. Then Terry clamped it down again. Maria felt sweat trickling down her back and definite wetness in her bikinis. "Looks like you're in there pretty tight," Terry remarked.

"Yes."

"Can't wiggle out of there, can you?" Terry ran her fingertip down Maria's ribs to the curve of her hips, stopping at the elastic on her panties. Maria began to wriggle shamelessly. She tried to brush her ass against Terry's crotch, but Terry was just out of reach. Terry laughed. "Yeah, you're in there good." She walked away, agonizingly slow, to the partition. "Say 'cheese,'" she said.

"Oh, please hurry!" Maria whimpered. Her breast throbbed, and so did her swollen clit. At last she heard the buzzing sound. Terry strolled out and checked her clipboard, going over Maria's chart with studied seriousness. Maria had never been this excited in her life. She licked her dry lips and waited breathlessly.

"So Maria, are you having any unusual discharges?"

"Yes, I believe I am," Maria paused, then added, "Doctor."

Terry's eyebrows arched. She cleared her throat then set the clipboard down on the rack. "I'd better check it out." She knelt down and pulled Maria's soaked bikinis off. Maria shuddered as Terry parted her pouting labia and convulsed with pleasure as Terry dipped a finger into her creamy slit. ""You're losing a lot of fluids, Maria."

"Can't you do something," Maria begged.

"I *should* admit you to the hospital immediately," Terry said, "But there's no time for that!"

"You've got to help me."

"Don't worry, Maria; I can perform emergency procedures to stop the fluid loss.

Spread your legs, please."

"I'm afraid I can't, doctor. My feet are barely touching the floor as it is."

"My mistake." Terry reached up and flipped a handle. The plate lifted, and Maria's breast popped out. Maria rubbed her throbbing breast with both hands. "Are you experiencing tenderness in your breasts as well?"

"I'll say!"

"This requires a full exam. Up on the table, please."

"Yes, doctor." Maria struggled onto the table, while Terry sat down on the rolling stool. "Are we using stirrups?" Maria asked hopefully.

"Absolutely; scoot forward, please." Terry had the stirrups in place with practiced quickness.

Maria put her heels in the cold irons and remarked, "You've done this before, doctor."

"I am a professional, Maria." Terry flipped on the exam light and aimed a spot on Maria's shaved snatch. "Would you like to watch?" She handed Maria a long-handled mirror. "Some patients feel more at ease if they can see what I'm doing."

Maria giggled nervously, wondering where this game would take her. She positioned the mirror so she could see herself. In the harsh light her pussy was rouge-colored, protruding, and slick with cum.

Terry snapped on latex exam gloves and generously lubed them with a tube of KY. "Maria," she said urgently, "I'm afraid there's no time for anesthesia; can you be brave for me?"

Maria stifled a laugh. "Yes, doctor."

"Then let's begin. I have to find the leak first. You might feel a little pressure."

Terry's long thin fingers slid in up to the knuckle. Maria groaned, "Oh, doctor." In the mirror her pussy looked like an underwater sea creature swallowing Terry's fingers.

"Hmm, I was afraid of this. I'll have to examine further. On the count of three, Maria, I need you to exhale as hard as you can, like this." Terry forcefully exhaled. "Can you do that for me, Maria?"

"Yes, doctor," Maria's voice croaked with lust.

"Okay, ready? You're going to feel a little discomfort. One, two, three!"

Maria exhaled hard. With the mirror, she watched Terry tuck her thumb into her palm, then gasped as Terry drove it in, shoving the knuckles past the doorway of bone, tendon, and protesting muscles to the welcoming chamber inside. Maria nearly dropped the mirror.

"Are you still with me, Maria?"

"Yes, doctor." Maria's speech was slurred. The sight of a wrist sticking out of her own cunt was both disturbing and exciting. The abundant fullness inside her made her breath come hard.

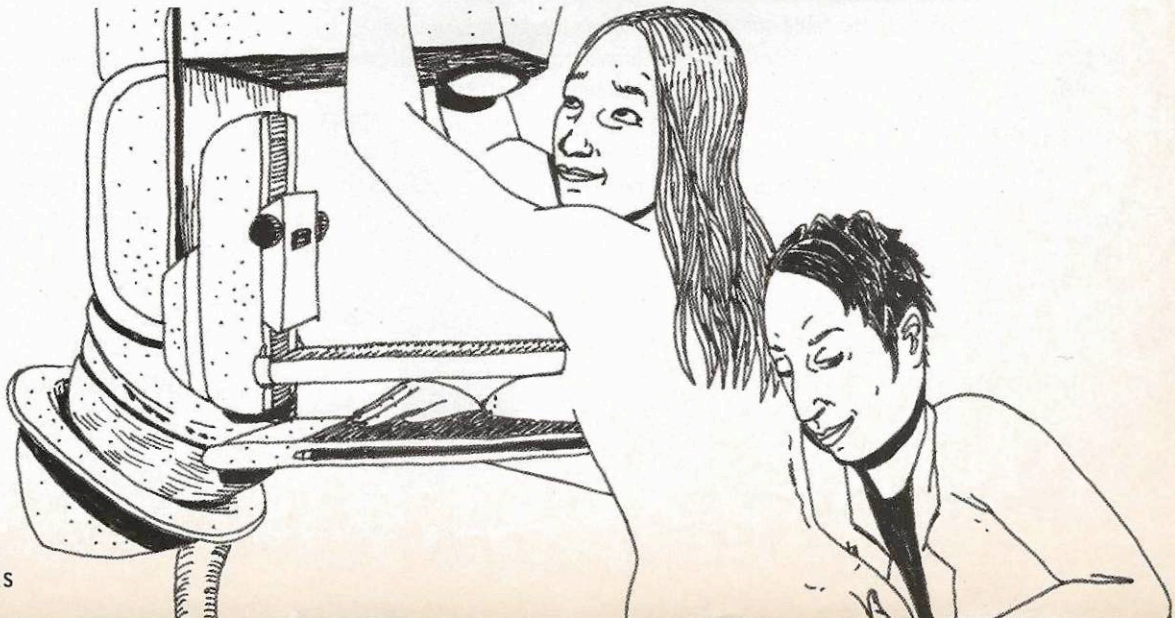
"All right, then, let's continue. Ah, here's the problem; your clit is enlarged. I'll have to get the swelling down." Terry wrapped her lips around the engorged clit and began to tease it with her tongue. Maria dropped the mirror. She flung herself back. Her back arched off the table. Terry rolled her fist around inside. Maria could feel the knobs of Terry's knuckles pressing into grateful flesh that had never been touched before. Tears welled up in Maria's eyes. She wanted to scream, but nothing came out of her but hot, ragged gasps. She was full but greedily forced herself as far onto Terry's forearm as her stretched, taut pussy lips would allow.

Terry unfurled her thumb inside her, brushing Maria's G spot. Maria began to buck, riding Terry's hand like a jockey. Her nipples were hard as pebbles. Then Terry sucked hard on her clit, her rough tongue pulling it deep into her mouth. Maria came so hard, she levitated off the table. Only her feet in the stirrups kept her from falling off. Cum squirted out of her and dribbled off Terry's gloved wrist.

"I believe we found the leak," said Terry. Maria was still experiencing aftershocks of spasms rolling throughout her body when Terry said, "Okay, Maria, inhale and exhale," and wrested her hand from the grip of Maria's pussy. Terry snapped the gloves off crisply. "You can get dressed now. The danger is over. Drink plenty of fluids to replenish yourself."

"Thank you, doctor," Maria said groggily, as she began to gather her clothes. "How can I ever repay you?"

A page came over the P.A. for Terry Nelson. "That's me; I've got another call." She picked Maria's panties off the floor and shoved them in her pocket. "I'll keep these for collateral. You can get them back if you'll meet me in the north parking lot at 5:30 this evening." Terry opened the door to leave. "Don't be late." OOB



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Pen Pals

True Confession
by Cassandra Brent
Illustration by Liz Adams

Whatever happened to the fine art of letter writing? Nasty married woman seeks another nasty married woman with both a high IQ and a high sex drive for erotic email pen pal. Literate? Lusty? Looking for a lesbian adventure in cyberspace? Wanna be my partner for discreet email exchanges of stories, fantasies, and general debauchery? Anonymous, no meeting.

Out of 42 responses Erica is the only woman I'm still writing. "Five-foot-six, with big brown eyes and a mane of dark brown braids, 40DD-30-38." That's how she describes herself, and that's how she looks in real life. Because, of course, we meet. We turn each other on with nasty notes and flirt with the idea of getting a room to act out all our raunchy fantasies. She tells me she knows the reservation number of the big resort hotel on the hill by heart. We promise to be good, even write a contract, but in the end, we break all the promises and contracts.

I arrive at the hotel bar an hour early. I'm determined to be the first one there. I have a view of the door and the street outside.

She gets out of a cab and stands on the street a moment. She wears a short leather jacket, hot pink low-cut top, black miniskirt, and black high heels halfway between sensible and slut. She looks delicious.

She steps inside and our eyes meet; my heart pounds in my chest—and in my pussy. I wanna run across the room and kiss her til she's breathless, but I manage to sit calmly as she walks slowly toward me. I come out of the booth and stand to greet her.

"Cassandra," she says.

"I like the sound of my name in your mouth. I like your mouth."

She holds out her arms to hug me and tilts her chin up. I press my mouth and body to hers, and we drink each other in. I feel eyes on us and break the kiss. People at the bar are looking at us with curiosity. I take Erica's hand and pull her into the booth with me.

"Hello," she says, and she can't keep from smiling.

"Hello yourself." I wipe her lipstick from my mouth with a napkin. She takes it from me and pulls my hand under the table to rest on her thigh.

"Can I get you something?" I ask.

"Yes," she says, "but I'd like a drink first."

I chuckle. "What would you like?"

"Scotch and soda. No ice."

I order for her, and the waitress brings her drink; we pull apart a little but ignore her. Erica touches my short curly afro. I play with one of her braids. I lean close and whisper in her ear. "Do you have any idea how much I want to fuck you?"

I start to sit back for her response, but she grabs me and keeps me close. She nibbles my ear before responding, "Do you have any idea how warm and slick it is between my thighs?"

"I'd like to find out."

She scoots closer and parts her knees. I know an invitation when I see one and drop my hand to her thigh again. The skin gets softer as my fingers travel upward. I slip my hand under her miniskirt and press my knuckles against her, expecting to feel the puffed-out crotch of her panties. Instead, I feel soft curls brush my knuckles. I turn my hand around quick and cup her between her legs. My nipples get hard at the feel of all that heat down there.

"I've wanted to feel your hand on me for so long."

I stroke her gently until her labia part for me. When I press my fingers against her sticky hole, her pussy muscles contract around them, and she groans in her throat.

"If you make me come here in the bar, then you'll have to take me somewhere and fuck me," she says.

"Is that a promise or a threat?"

"A promise."

She rests her forehead on my shoulder as I fondle her pussy. "Look at me," I say. "I want to watch your face."

I stroke her clit with the flat of my thumb, circling one way and then changing direction, tapping against the hard knot, stroking it lightly up and down.

Her breath comes in short little gasps. Her legs are flexed, and she's up on her tiptoes, raising her ass off the bench and wriggling on my hand. We can both clearly hear the wet sound as my hand works her pussy.

"I'm gonna come if you don't stop that," she warns me.

I don't stop.

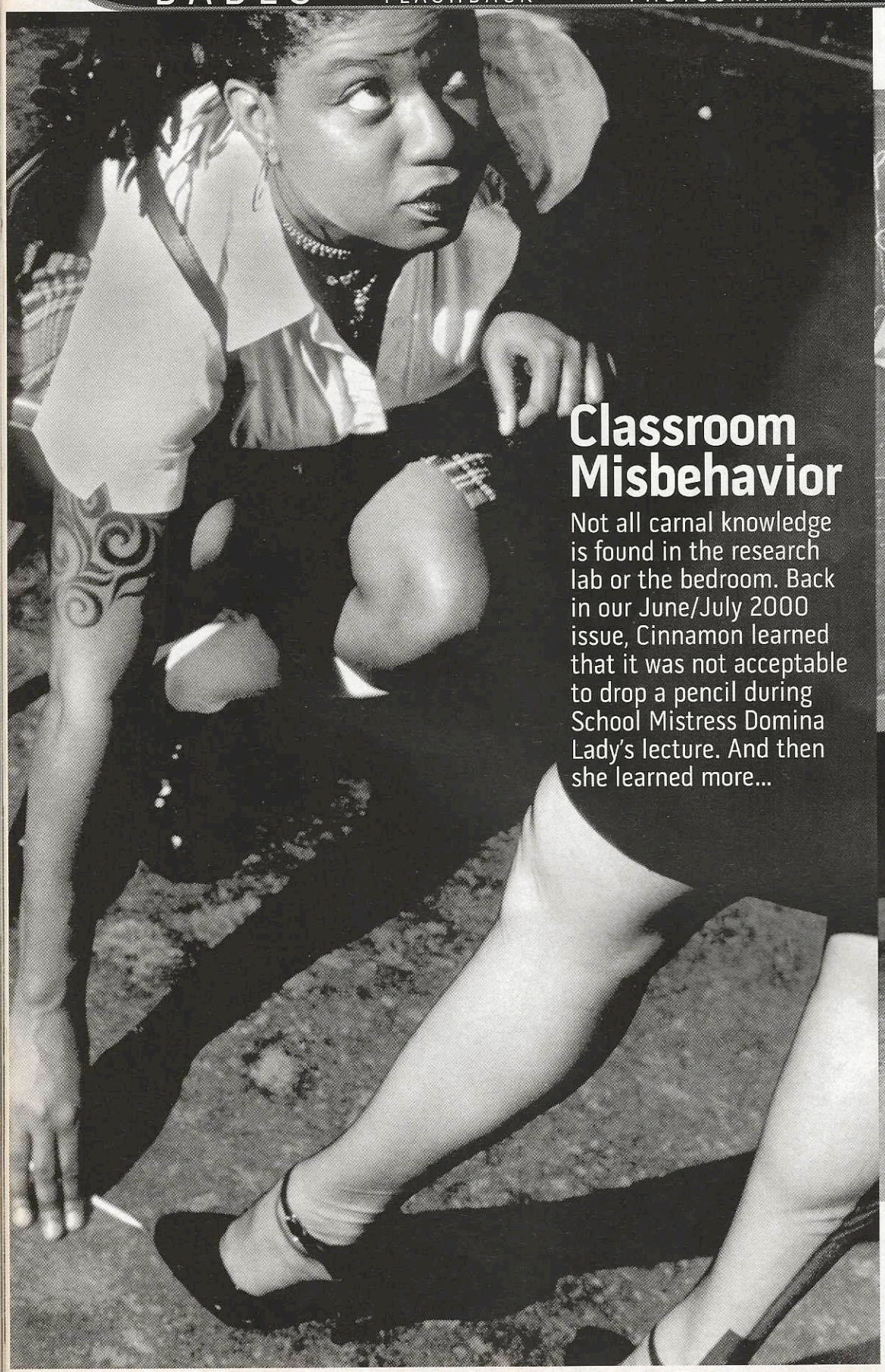
She grips my forearm and shudders to an orgasm with her eyes on mine. Her head falls forward onto my shoulder again. We sit there, my fingers deep inside her throbbing hole. When her breathing slows to normal, I pull my fingers from her with as much gentleness as I can. I bring my hand up to my mouth and very deliberately clean my fingers.

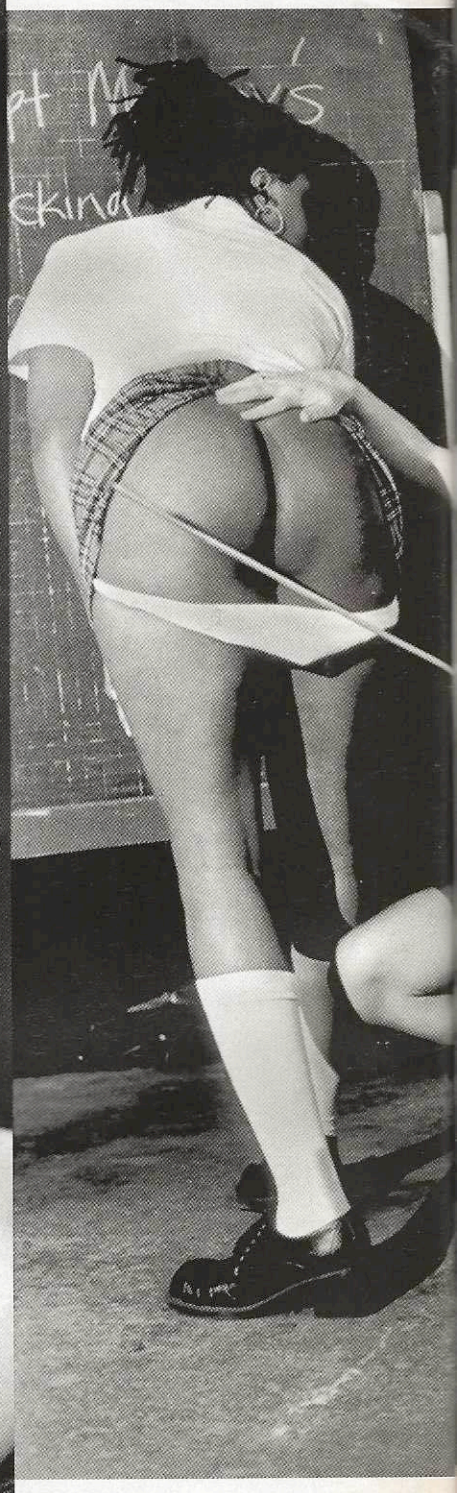
"Can you stand up?"

She nods.

I help her to her feet. "I'm gonna take you to bed and fuck you now," I say as I bend to kiss her. I steer her to the front of the bar. Just as we're about to exit, the waitress passes by and murmurs, "Can I come watch?"

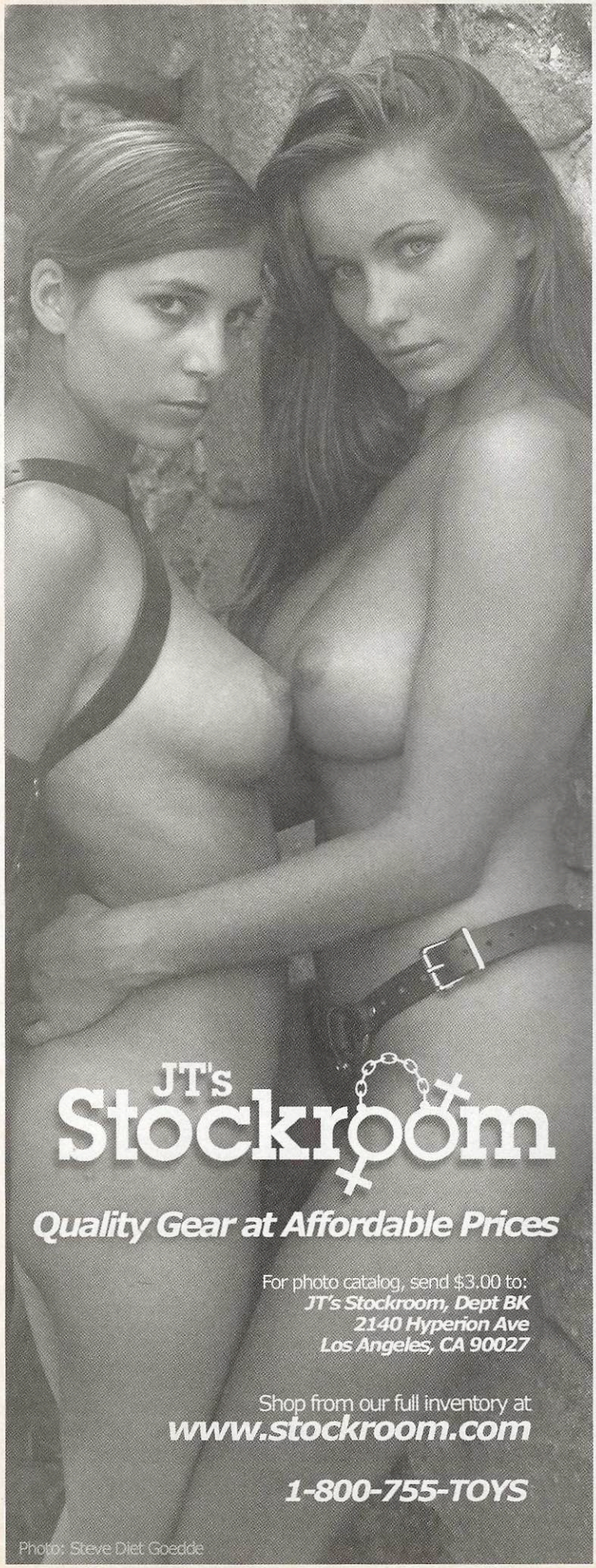
We say, "No," in unison and exit toward the lobby elevators, laughing. OOB





Classroom Misbehavior

Not all carnal knowledge is found in the research lab or the bedroom. Back in our June/July 2000 issue, Cinnamon learned that it was not acceptable to drop a pencil during School Mistress Domina Lady's lecture. And then she learned more...



Researching the Stone

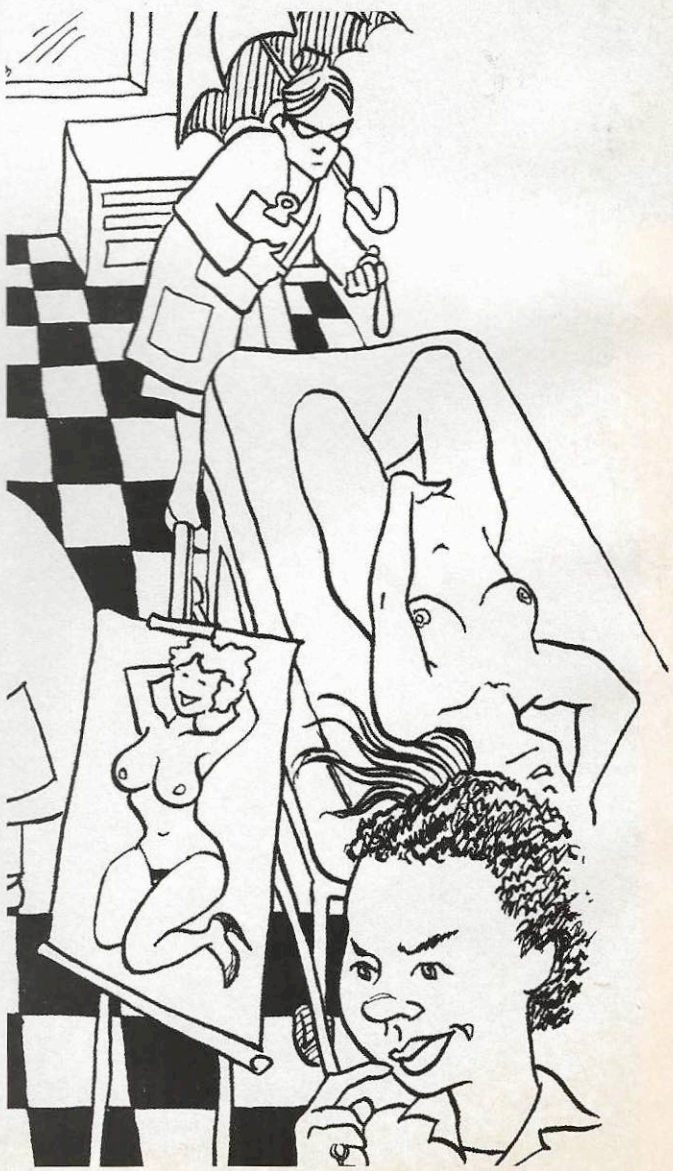
continued from page 51

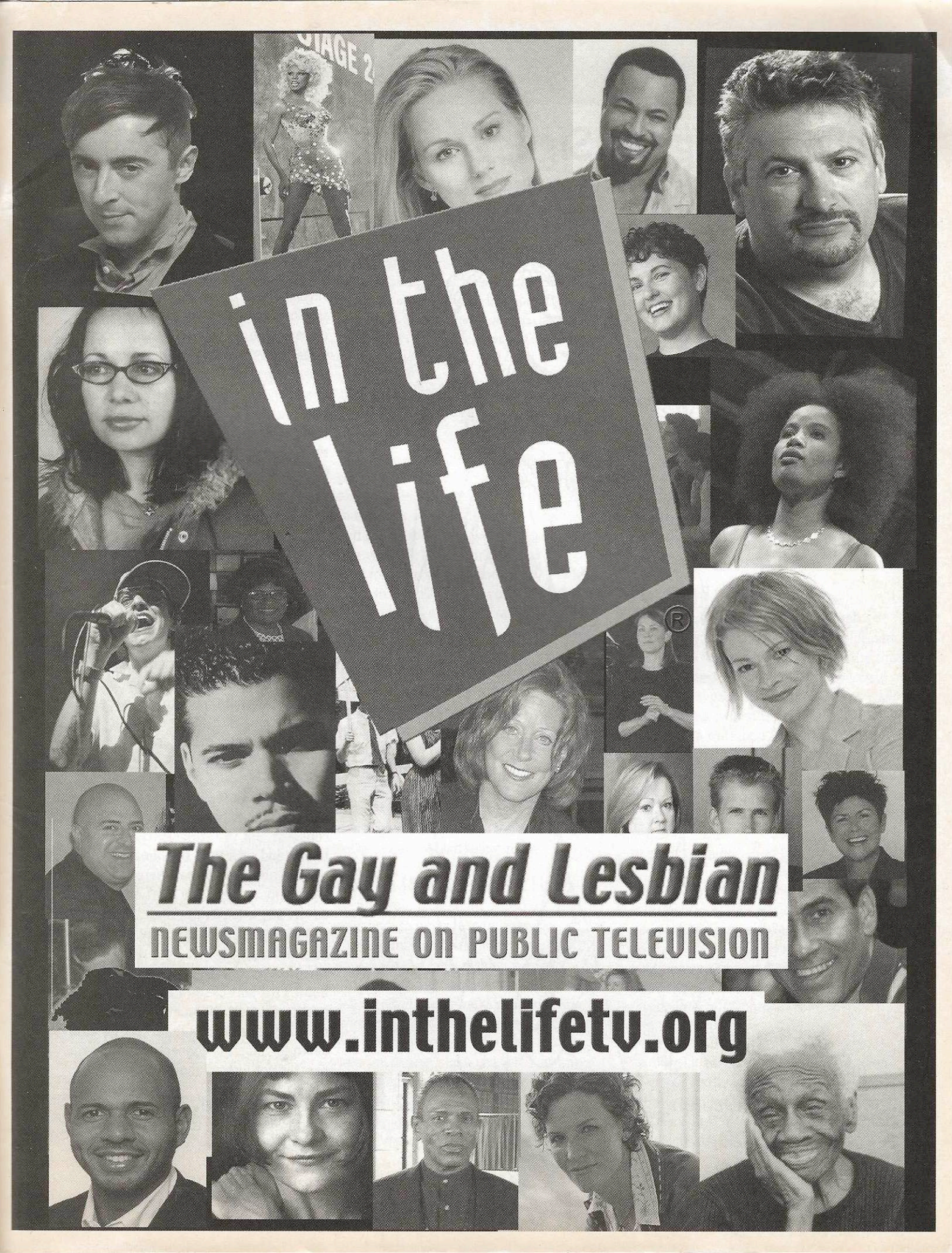
in the summer when sunlight and greater physical activity may make medication unnecessary. Of course, these changes should only be undertaken in consultation with your prescribing physician. If your doctor is not willing to experiment, you might consider changing doctors.

Some women who have experienced prescription-related sexual problems find that staying sexual and remaining in their normal erotic zone works. Other strategies include regular masturbation, even if you don't feel the "urge"; trying a stronger vibrator; watching erotic videos; and using creams that produce a tickling or warming sensation on the genitals.

Erotic Power

Women's sexuality has often been described as "mysterious," "perplexing," and "unknowable." Since it has been defined by male standards, with minimal funding and scant research, this is no surprise. But as new research trickles in, a clearer picture of women's true sexual potential is beginning to emerge, and we can turn these bits of carnal knowledge into erotic power! OOB

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Lesson plans from our illustrious astrologers

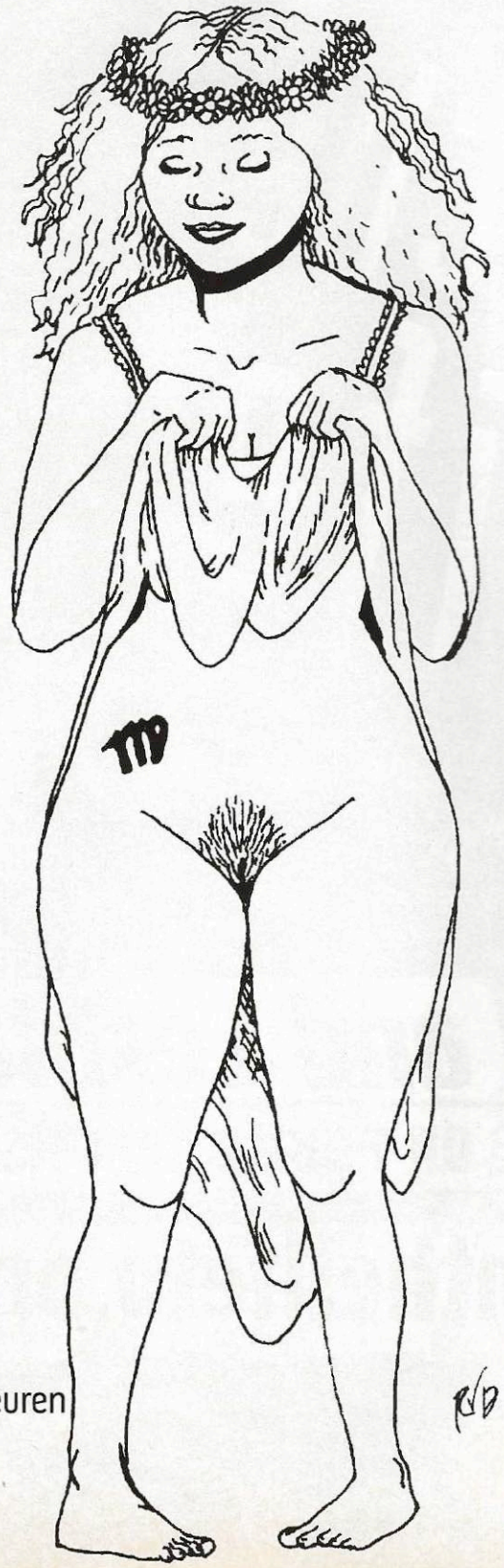

Illustration by Rosemary VanDeuren

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)

Virgo, you're too heady. If we were really lazy astrologers we'd have you go and read Gemini, 'cause you two are cut from the same cloth, a silvery lamé called Mercury. Like your twin siblings, you need to quit being so mental and also learn versatility. Just because it works—"it" being a pick-up line, a particular toy, or that spelling-the-alphabet-with-your-tongue trick—doesn't mean you should do it all the time. So much repetition can cause carpal tunnel of the libido.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

Libra, your lifelong sex challenge is how to conceptualize your sexuality outside the context of another person. We psychic dreamers have a slutty librarian friend who has a complete meltdown after every breakup because she truly believes, every time, that she will never have good sex again, that her entire sexuality was breathed into existence by her recent ex. Don't be like her. Be slutty, by all means, but try not to give whoever you're tricking with all the credit for your awesome sexual capabilities.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 21)

Scorpio, please see Leo and take the advice we doled out to them about pride and conquest. But you stingers have even more to contend with than the lions do. You folks need to understand that there is a time and a place for sex, and you don't always get to be the one who decides what that is. We admit, we also think it is sexy when you strut around with that I-get-what-I-want-when-I-want-it-whenever-I-want-it swagger, but it's the sort of surface sexy that works best in old Matt Dillon movies (eighties old, not nineties old) or perhaps just in fantasy. Learn to value the connections made via sex. It's not just all about you.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

Sagittarius, we hate to break it to you, but sometimes your cries of passion sound

suspiciously like Me, Me, Me, Me! We think you might want to do some vocal exercises and try to conjure a love howl more along the lines of Us, Us, Us, Us! Unless you're jerking off, sex is not just about you. And even when you are jerking off, you might want to be conscious of your roommates cause your vibrator is *loud*, and people are trying to watch the *America's Next Top Model* marathon on VH-1. Oh, yeah—try to cultivate some stamina. Hot quick fucks are great but not if you want a hot long fuck.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan.19)

Capricorn, you need to learn how to open your heart as gracefully as you open your legs. Seriously, you sex machines need to learn how to make yourself more vulnerable. Your nice car and high-status job may be enough to get them in the sack, but you're going to have to up the emotional ante to keep them there. Also, there's a way to let your partner know what you want without being a total control freak. Figure it out.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

Aquarius, you're so wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am. You're all about the old in-and-out-the-door. You don't stick around. What if you inadvertently involve your emotions? What if you find that you . . . like someone! And that you want to . . . be with them! Oh, god! We all know what comes after that. Total loss of individuality. You might as well cease to exist. Right? Wrong. You need to allow for more connection, Starchild. These are human beings you're fucking, not concepts.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)

Pisces, everyone knows that what you need most is sexual boundaries. And everyone knows this, because you've been so sexually inappropriate with everyone. Just kidding! Sort of. Really, who you hurt most with your lack of boundaries is *you*. Did you know that Pisces is the sign that governs yeast infections? All someone needs to do is look at a picture of your snatch on the Internet, and you get itchy. Be more discriminating about who gets to curl up in your body and your bed.

Aries (March 21-April 19th)

Patience, Aries, patience! What's that? You know not of this thing called "patience"? What? Yes, it is a song by Guns N' Roses, yes, the pretty one with the whistling. It's also a quality you could stand to cultivate in the sack. Aries tend to cut to the chase and are known for being a bit goal-oriented. We double-dare you to put all your focus on your partner for one whole romp in the hay. Count your breaths if you find yourself getting distracted by your own selfish desires.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

Oh, Taurus, have you calves learned nothing from the sexual liberation movement? We'd hope you'd at least take with you the notion that love is not sex, sex is not love; sex and love are like peanut butter and chocolate: two great tastes that taste great together but are found in different aisles at the grocery store. We challenge you to cultivate a realistic separation between killer sex and falling in love.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)

Gemini, your head-heart schism is so profound, so difficult to unlearn, we wish we could go mad scientist on your ass and put your brain in a Petri dish for a month or so. Just long enough for our scholars to discover the secret of the universe nestled in your frontal lobe and for your heart—that's right, you have a heart!—to get a shot at picking your sex partners for a change. You're so focused on who you should—intellectually, politically, strategically—choose, you risk ignoring potentials whom compel you on a deeper, more visceral level.

Cancer (June 22-July 22)

Cancer, here is what we, masters of all things sexual and astrological, think you oughta learn: that a person can be a good person—the sort that gives up their seats to old folks on the bus, plucks kittens from tree branches, and makes charitable donations to Buddhist AIDS hospices—and this same big-hearted person can be, like, stunning in the sack, totally attuned to you, indulgent in your every sick fantasy, and in possession of dildos that seem to be cast from your pussy alone—that a person can be of good character and competitive sexual proclivity and still not be the right person to build a nest with.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)

Leo, let us inform you of your sexual downfall: your infamous leonine pride can become so entangled in your sexuality that your conquest can seem more important than your experience. Your pride and your sexuality, all twined together like the sheets on a waterbed after a particularly vicious romp. After you've stopped crying and licked at your wounds, we suggest you take a minute to remember why you embarked on this lascivious journey we call sex, and tune out your insatiable, innate need to conquer.

Award-winning writer Michelle Tea and intuitive counselor Jessica Lanyadoo have been fraternizing with fate together for the past six years. Call Lanyadoo for an astrology or tarot reading at (415) 336-8354. Write to them at lovedoubleteam@hotmail.com.

Double Team Disclaimer: This is sun sign astrology! It has its limits. For the real scoop on amour and perversion, visit your local astrologer and check out the Venus (romance) and Mars (lust) of you and the fool you've set your sights on. OOB

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www.bondage.com

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Erotica Readers and Writers Association
www.erotica-readers.com

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www.hercurve.com

House O'Chicks
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Jane's Net
www.janesguide.com

Lesbian Sex Mafia
www.lesbiansexmafia.org

Libido Magazine
www.libidomag.com

National Leather Association
www.nla-i.com

Nerve www.nerve.com

Queer Net
www.queernet.org

Scarlet Letters
www.scarletletters.com

Sexy Sappho
www.sexysappho.com

SIECUS (Sexuality Information and Education Council of the United States)
www.siecus.org

Society for Human Sexuality
www.sexuality.org

Tiny Nibbles
www.tinynibbles.com

Tristan Taormino
www.puckerup.com

Venus or Vixen?
www.venusorvixen.com

Web by Women for Women
www.io.com/~wwwomen/sexuality/index.html

The Womb
www.womb.wwdc.com/tunnels.html

Sexuality Resources

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(800) 971-8500

Centers for Disease Control National AIDS Hotline
(800) 342-AIDS
Spanish (800) 344-7432
Hearing impaired
(800) 243-7889
www.cdc.gov

Domestic Violence Hotline
(800) 799-SAFE

HIV/AIDS Teen hotline
(800) 440-TEEN

Los Angeles Sex Education Resources
(213) 486-4421

National Herpes Hotline
(919) 361-8488

National STD Hotline
(800) 227-8922

Planned Parenthood
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www.plannedparenthood.org

RAINN (Rape Abuse and Incest National Network)
(800) 656-HOPE

Safer Sex Page
www.safersex.org

San Francisco Sex Information
(877) 472-7374 toll-free
(415) 989-7374
www.sfsi.org

Seattle Sex Information
(206) 328-7711

Informational Web Sites

Alternate Sources
www.alternate.com

Andrea Nemerson's site for human sexuality
www.sfbg.com/asc

Annie Sprinkle
www.anniesprinkle.org

Body Electric School
www.bodyelectric.org

Charles Haynes' Radical Sex
www.fifthmountain.com/radical_sex

Coalition for Positive Sexuality (CPS)
www.positive.org

Columbia University information site
www.goaskalice.columbia.edu

Condomania information
www.comdomania.com

Federation of Feminist Women's Health Centers
www.fwhc.org

Gloria G. Brame's SM site
http://gloria-brame.com

Human Awareness Institute
www.hai.org

IASHS Sexology NetLine
www.netaccess.on.ca/~sexorg/index.org

Dr. Patti Briton
www.yoursexcoach.com

Queer Resources Directory
www.qrd.org

Safer Sex Resource
www.safersex.org

Sexual Health InfoCenter
www.sexhealth.com

Sexual Health Network
www.sexualhealth.com

The Sex Institute
www.sexquest.com

Society for Human Sexuality
http://weber.u.washington.

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www.folsomeurope.com

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www.lairdesade.com

September 5
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www.londonfetishfair.co.uk

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www.bdsmclasses.com

September 10-11
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www.acteva.com/booking.cfm?bevaid=83354

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www.boundbydesire.org/hunt.htm

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http://lil.nla-i.com

September 17
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www.laraww.org

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North Hollywood, California, USA
www.lairdesade.com

September 18
Birmingham Bizarre Bazaar
Birmingham, UK
www.brumbazaar.co.uk

September 23
The Exiles' 9th Annual Folsom ForPlay
San Francisco, California, USA
www.theexiles.org/meetgreet2005.htm

September 23-24
Servants Retreat
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www.bdsmclasses.com

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FolsomFringe
San Jose, California, USA
www.folsomfringe.com

September 23-25
North Carolina 10th Anniversary Leather Weekend
Raleigh, North Carolina
www.nclweekend.50megs.com

September 24
BDSM 101
Brookline, Massachusetts, USA
www.nelaonline.org/Calendar.html

September 25
Corsetcon
Location TBA
www.corsetcon.com

September 25
Folsom Street Fair
San Francisco, California, USA
www.folsomstreetfair.com

September 25
Bottoming Skills 101
Seattle, Washington, USA
www.LibidoEvents.com

September 30
The Night of Masks
Allgaeu, Germany
www.xklusiv.com

September 30-October 2
Beyond Vanilla XV
Dallas, Texas, USA
http://beyondvanilla.org/home.html

September 30-October 2
Mates IX Leather Weekend
Provincetown, Massachusetts, USA
www.matesleatherweekend.com

October

October 1
The Night of Passion
Allgaeu, Germany
www.xklusiv.com

October 2
The Night of Masks
Allgaeu, Germany
www.xklusiv.com

October 3
Fetish Fair
London, UK
www.londonfetishfair.co.uk

October 14-16
Servants Retreat
Tucson, Arizona, USA
www.bdsmclasses.com

October 14-16
Vancouver Sexuality Empowerment Conference
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada
www.LibidoEvents.com

October 16
Birmingham Bizarre Bazaar
Birmingham, UK
www.brumbazaar.co.uk

October 18-23
CineKink Erotic Film Festival
New York, New York, USA
www.cinekink.com

October 21-23
Together in Leather
Charlotte, North Carolina,
www.togetherinleather.org

October 22
Exotic Erotic Ball
San Francisco, California, USA
www.exoticeroticball.com

October 22
Black & Blue Ball
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada
www.blackandblueball.ca

October 22
Lair de Sade's Unfettered
North Hollywood, California, USA
www.lairdesade.com

October 29
10th Annual Fetish and Fantasy Halloween Ball
Las Vegas, Nevada, USA
www.halloweenball.com/event05.shtml

October 29
New Orleans Fetish and Fantasy Halloween Ball
New Orleans, Louisiana, USA
www.halloweenball.com/neworleans/index.shtml

November

November 4-6
Santa Clara County Leather Weekend
San Jose, California, USA
www.SCCLeather.org

November 5
Lair de Sade's Unfettered
North Hollywood, California, USA
www.lairdesade.com

November 5-12
Rubber Soul: Kink in the Caribbean 6
Runaway Bay, Jamaica
www.kinkinthecaribbean.com

November 10-13
Master's Training, Slave Training XXIII
Washington, District of Columbia, USA
www.mastertaino.com

November 18
Lesbian Sex Mafia: Knife Play workshop
New York, New York, USA
www.lesbiansexmafia.org/first.htm

November 18-20
Servants Retreat
Baltimore, Maryland, USA

November 18-20
Spanksgiving
St. Louis, Missouri, USA
www.stl3.com/events/spanksgiving/home

November 19
Lair de Sade's Unfettered
North Hollywood, California, USA
www.lairdesade.com

November 20
Birmingham Bizarre Bazaar
Birmingham, UK
www.brumbazaar.co.uk

November 26
Raven Social Event
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada
http://raven.vancouverleather.com

Darlene Weide

What is Your Carnal IQ?

Uncover your position at the Sex Academy.

1. Your favorite sexpert is
a. Ruth Westheimer
b. Susie Bright
c. Shar Rednour
d. your girlfriend

2. The first time you really understood the birds and the bees was when
a. your mom gave you that pamphlet
b. you played doctor with the girl next door
c. you found your brother's porno mags
d. your girlfriend's pinkie knocked on your back door

3. Your definition of "bridle" is
a. something you put on a horse
b. a carpentry joint
c. that V-shaped spot right under the clitoris
d. something I let my lover wear on special occasions

4. When you hear the word "latex," you think of
a. condoms
b. dental dams
c. surgical gloves
d. my hood and catsuit

5. You pride yourself on your knowledge of
a. positions
b. classic porn
c. edible body butter
d. the Kama Sutra

6. To keep yourself in touch with your body, you
a. do yoga
b. masturbate
c. eat right
d. all of the above at the same time, if "right" means "whoever I brought home last night"

7. Your relationship with your G spot is
a. something I'm looking forward to developing
b. very healthy
c. mind-blowing
d. G? I've moved on to H!

8. To you, female ejaculation is
a. confusing
b. nice work if you can get it
c. proof that I've had a good weekend
d. the reason to live

9. In your mind, "PC" stands for
a. personal computer
b. political correctness
c. perfect climax
d. pubococcygeous muscle—I exercise it daily

10. When you hear the phrase "carnal knowledge," you think of
a. chili con carne
b. that eighties Van Halen album
c. that seventies movie that dared to show a condom in a film
d. that night I figured out how to make my lover howl like a cat in heat

11. If you were to grade your sex education so far, you'd give yourself
a. an "S" for satisfaction
b. an "E" for expertise
c. an "X" for mature content
d. I think I'd need to invent a new alphabet

12. Your favorite sex guide is
a. *Lesbian Sex* by JoAnn Loulan
b. *The Clitoral Truth* by Rebecca Chalker
c. *Different Loving: The World of Sexual Dominance and Submission* by Gloria Brame
d. My Diary, by Me

13. Do you masturbate regularly?
a. not really
b. yeah, a couple of times a month
c. at least once a week
d. I'd describe it as "creatively," not "regularly"

Give yourself 1 point for each term you can use in a sentence:
— aphrodisiac
— Tantra
— voyeur
— BDSM
— polyamory
— urethral sponge
— asphyxophilia
— perineum
— butterfly vibrator
— tribadism

Scoring:

Give yourself 1 point for each "a" answer, 2 points for each "b," 3 points for each "c," and 4 points for each "d."

The sensual student (13-26 points): You're eager to learn, and a quick study—practice your "yes, ma'am's" and let your education take you higher.

The amorous apprentice (27-40 points): You have more than a few skills to share, and you've dedicated yourself to deep, careful, exhaustive study.

The tantalizing tutor (41-54 points): You've aced your exams and have begun to contribute your own delicious techniques and insights to your favorite field.

The pleasure professor (55 points and up): Your wisdom and talents are spectacular and sought after—write a book (with pictures, please) and share your sexy secrets with the masses.

Definitions:

aphrodisiac: Something that arouses sexual desire, usually a food or an herb.

Tantra: A Hindu philosophy in which sex is sacred.

voyeur: Someone who likes to watch.

BDSM: The B is for bondage; the D is for discipline; the S is for sadism, and the M is for masochism. What does that spell? Fun!

polyamory: The practice of loving (romantically or sexually) more than one person.

urethral sponge: That's G spot to you.

asphyxophilia: Getting turned on while you're getting (literally) choked up.

perineum: The area between the vagina and the anus.

butterfly vibrator: A vibrator that covers you up and won't let you down.

tribadism: Genital-to-genital contact between women.

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